

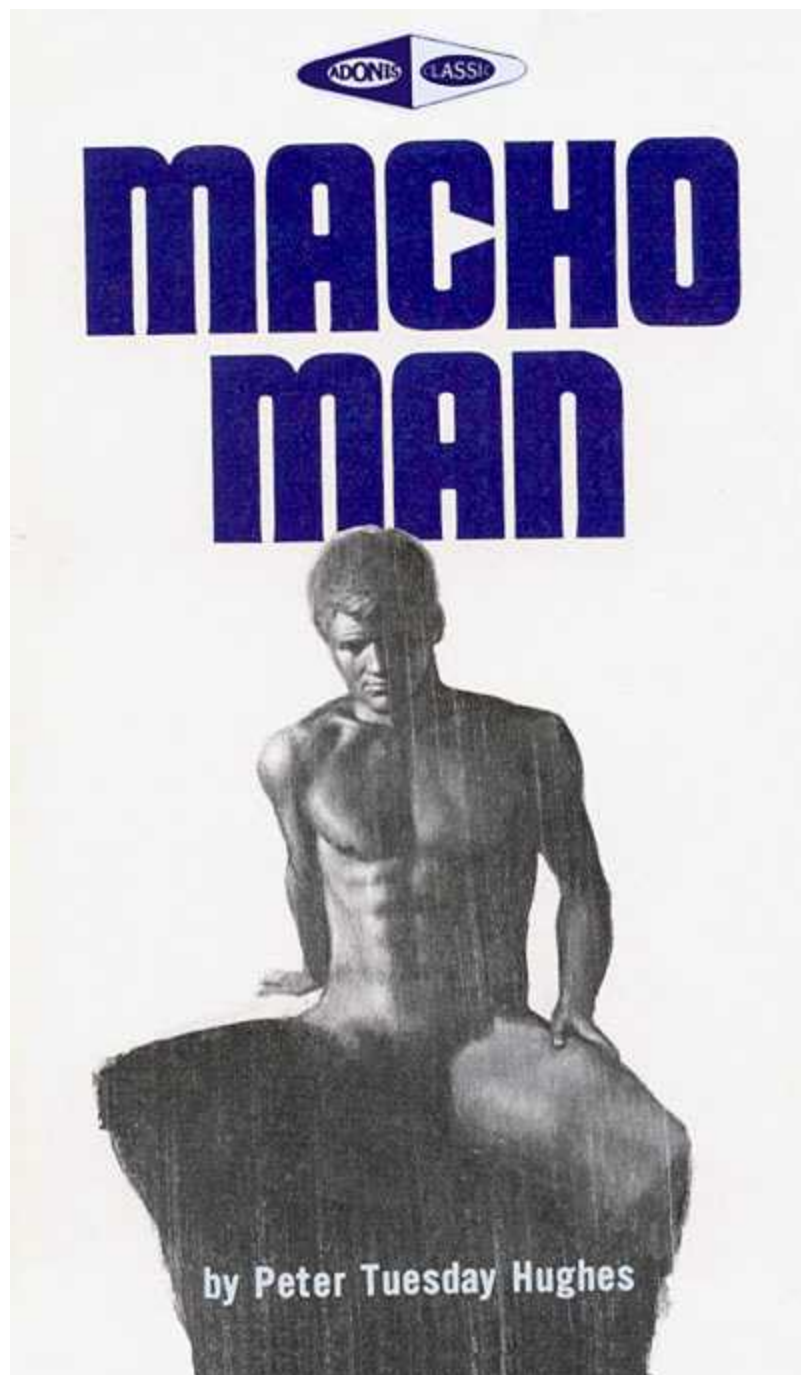
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ac-108 macho man (peter
tuesday hughes) 1975

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AC-108 MACHO MAN by Peter Tuesday Hughes

FOREWORD

The seething passions that lurk within many individuals are often hidden beneath a veneer of normalcy, exposed only under extremely tempting

conditions.

The woman who, after a few drinks at a party, takes on all corners, male and female alike. The man who, during a strip show at a stag party, climbs up on stage with the girl and performs with her in front of his friends. The couple who, under group pressure, reluctantly join the neighborhood wife-swappers.

Evan Lambert is a man who has all the outwardly proper looks of a normal person. But all the men in his life know that he isn't; they know that he was meant to love other men in a clandestine and very unusual way --

desiring to be debased and degraded by his male lovers.

MACHO MAN -- a fictional story about a society that refuses to face many of its real problems.

The Publisher

CHAPTER ONE

"Suddenly, the hands dropped his head to the floor. Fingers, gripping Alex's cock savagely, squeezed until, blood filling muscle, it hardened once more, quivered in a tight fist."

"Leaning forward, kneeling instead of squatting, the man bent toward the flailing fist and stiffened cock, stared as waves of blood suffused it, then receded, leaving the shaft white, squeezed the cock harder, clamping fingers roughly around it, and the head, expanding, seemed to burst. Alex writhed on the floor, and, as he cried out with pain, the man reached around, grappling for his throat, snarled, 'Shut up, you fucking pervert!

Eat my ass!' and the hips descended again smothering his mouth."

"With the return of close, smelly darkness, he felt balls contract in their sac, snug to his underbelly, jerked his legs apart as wet blobs of gism spurted from him, again splattering his stomach and the hand masturbating him. He sighed, quivering, tongued the humid ass opening, licked the puckered membranes furiously with a slippery tongue..."

Staring at the sheet of yellow paper in his typewriter and the words he'd written weeks before, Evan wondered why the hell he'd thought the paragraphs good when he'd typed them. Now they read dull and unexciting although, as he touched his cock between naked thighs, it had hardened, projected now from his belly.

Got too much to do today, damn it he thought; then, so what would jerking off do for you this morning? Better keep your head straight, man, you got too much to do, right? But the idea of easing tensions, the cramped feeling in his mind, had been rather exciting. He fingered the slick, moist head of his cock again, thinking, Well, what harm would playing with the fucker do, just a little jerking, not too much? then thought about the time. Yeah, man, forget it! You got too much to do today.

Although early (a wall clock in the kitchen section read six-thirty) the trailer was stuffy and hot though he'd left all windows wide open the night before. October in New Mexico could be very warm, but the clean air, by contrast with polluted, unbreathable stuff in California, more than compensated for the heat, the sweat-itch in his crotch. Evan poured himself another coffee from the electric percolator into a pottery mug, stared bleakly out the windows at a split-rail fence two hundred yards distant, checked his mind for the morning's agenda.

Make certain there was enough feed and water for Tazel (the Arabian horse he'd spend so much money for); get to the Court House exactly at nine (mustn't give these fucking Spanish-Americans a chance to prove their sneering slur he was nothing but a sneaky, corrupt Anglo, or give the Goddamn judge, Emilia Lujan, the chance, either); dress in a businesslike suit, not too square or Establishment looking, but in something that'd make him look like a solid-citizen type (which he knew he was not); be sure his lawyer, David Caruthers (Certainly, a "corrupt Anglo" if I ever saw one but a clever manipulator of court battles!) had all the facts in that fancy briefcase he carried.

A thought swirled in his head. How dumb can you get? You don't stand a chance! He glanced quickly out the window at the graded slope of his land, which slid into an arroyo spiked with pinon trees, the soil parched gray-brown in the sun.

Screw them! I'll never let them force me out!

On the table, his typewriter squatted ominously as if to remind him he'd not paid any attention to it these several weeks, too preoccupied with his impending court tight harassment and ambushed gun shots in the dark.

His eyes shifted from the arroyo to the trailer interior again and words on a sheet of yellow paper rolled into the machine.

"No rise and fall. Azimuthal movement, a continuing circle with no horizon to guide his internal clock, that directional finder for inner rhythms. He flounders against reefs of air, whirls aimlessly in space, unreal, although the naked body beside him is real, and warm hands, also real, coursing over his

nakedness, seem to try to anchor him to the bed, to stroke his flesh back to some form of actuality. Horse charges through his veins like an enraged beast."

"Sighing, Alex wonders if these maneuvers on the battlefield of love are as mechanical as they seem to be; and if there is more to it than salivating mouths on stiff muscle, a surge of gism. If true, then what? A hot crotch of damp fur pressed to a nose? Fingers on his cock, now, squeeze the head and it becomes glossy, engorged with blood in a fist around it, warm ooze lubricating the skin. A voice mutters, 'Wanta fuck me with that thing or blow me?' and he hears a low laugh. 'I got a rubber asshole, man, but take it easy.' The words -- casual, taunting and brutal and, certainly, sensual -- cause his introspective thoughts to vanish like a tiny speck of light on a TV set snapped off. No point answering such a question. Demonstrate!"

As he rises to stare down at the other naked body, the fingers on his cock withdraw, and the body flattens in the bed, a long rod of hard flesh arching from a smooth belly blurred with blond pubic hair. His eyes rove for a moment over the body; shoulders not yet fully-defined but capped with strong deltoids lengthening to well-formed biceps; chest muscles, rounded arcs tipped with erect nipples; the smooth belly, the mound of downy pubes, and rigid flesh, hot and almost steaming, a small sac with surprisingly large balls. Eyes, liquid blue, stare at him.

"Jesus! When this kid grows to a man, he'll knock everybody on their ass!" He is breathing stridently, now, wonders, not really caring, how old the boy is: Seventeen... eighteen? It doesn't matter.

"With the touch of wet lips to his cock, the kid arches, and a brief grunt issues from his mouth as he falls back into the bed. Stiff flesh in Alex's lips jerks. The taste of young dick, unwashed, heady and sour, stimulates him, however, and he sinks further over it, hearing the loud grunts and moans; hips under him squirm; large balls pressed to his chin wiggle."

"Excited by the kid's submission to a master, yet his apparent sensual enjoyment, Alex slowly clamps teeth to that young dick, feeling the body under him tremble and convulse, rise in the bed. With narrow hips jerked upward, the cock lunges deep in his throat as the kid moans, grinds pubic

hair to his face. Balls, large for a kid, are squashed to his chin, and the moans and brief grunting noises grow louder."

"He lets a spasming shaft slip from his lips, sucks in a crinkled sac, licks slippery balls, swallows them. Moaning and groaning, the kid wallows in the qbed, raises his legs and paws the air. As it licks a hairless underbelly and seminal cord, Alex's tongue feels the tensed, waiting surge of sperm, and he quickly encloses the cock once more with a warm mouth."

"Wow, oh, wow!" a voice shouts, 'I'm coming!' and thick, glutinous gism pours in his throat. Swallowing the slippery mass, he forces the cock deeper, engulfs it completely. The orgasm seems to go on and on as he..."

Evan ripped the paper from the typewriter, and, frowning, stared at a note under the double-spaced words. "Use quote from Donald E. Carr?"

Olfactory powers of moths that pick up the female miles downwind -- since in the moth's case, it is simply a signal 'female', it is not a single individual that the moth is locating. He doesn't care whether it is Florence or Mame or Dolly, just so it is not Jack."

Crumpling the yellow paper in strong fingers he tossed it to the trailer's rose-patterned vinyl floor. Whirling aimlessly in space!

Olfactory power of moths! No question, he was spooked, dried up, immobilized by the Maes family persecutions, his brain turned to garbage!

Sonovabitch!

His stream of thought is interrupted by the snarling ring of a telephone and, for an insane moment, he's not sure where he is, the ringing shrill in his skull. Eyes swiftly circle the trailer's dun-colored walls for a clue, back to the open window and New Mexico vistas, alien, unfamiliar, and he wonders, with a shiver, how he got to this place, not remembering he's living here for almost eight months on this land bought by his father twenty years ago; and, as he does remember suddenly, the time interval is impossible, yet California, which he'd left without a backward glance,

seems more concrete and real than this parched earth shimmering in heat, black-green shapes of pinon trees his eyes still stare at.

He stood up, blinking, lifted the clanging phone from its hook, said into the mouthpiece, "Yes? Evan Lambert speaking." There were not many friends, the few he'd made since moving to this state, who knew the phone number. He'd had it installed out of desperation only three weeks before because of rifle shots in the dark, words whispered from the black shadows of chemisa bushes, these terrors, finally, forcing him to the telephone as a tenuous connection with an outside, if unfriendly, world.

"Yes?" he said, impatiently, to silence in his ear, felt sweat course over his chest, gather in pubes surrounding a heavy-hanging cock. He listened for an answer, scratched absently at the damp hair, heard low breathy noises like someone in torment. "Who the fuck is this?" Evan shouted, exasperated by the heat, the panting sounds, repeated again,

"Who the fuck is this?"

A voice with a slight accent said, "That you, Lambert? You fucking Anglo pervert." There was a bark which might have been laughter. "Lay off the court suit," the voice continued. Now he thought he knew who the caller was. "If you don't man, you'll get your Goddamn balls busted!" A crash of the other phone slamming down split his eardrums painfully as the line was disconnected. One of the Maes brothers -- probably Hilario!

As the brutal, naked figure had done in his manuscript, Hilario, suddenly, stands before him, the same black-haired muscular body, the same snarling voice, the same immense dripping cock and glittery black eyes.

In his hand, he holds a coil of braided leather, and Evan's imagination sees the leather whirl; strike him, pain searing his flesh. But he doesn't cry out or cringe under the punishment, permits Hilario to beat him unmercifully with the whip. As the leather wraps his chest the man yanks at the whip, pulling Evan to him until the two naked bodies are standing close together, and Evan smells his horny, rancid odor, his garlic breath, stares into those cruel black eyes.

Dropping the whip to the floor, Hilario grips him in muscularly naked arms, squeezes him savagely against sweating, wiry chest hair, and Evan feels himself tremble in the grip, slips his hands down between the two bodies, fondles a stiff rod and its slimy surface, cups hairy balls beneath, as Hilario laughs, grinds wet lips into his mouth.

He is shoved to his knees, a huge rod of slippery flesh held in a fist rammed to his lips. Opening his lips quickly to let the cock be plunged into him, he feels it sink in his throat, slide to his gullet, as hips on either side of his face ram convulsively. The taste of the saliva-drenched cockshaft is sour, fouled with unwashed come, the smelt of shit in cheeks of that ass pungent. The Spanish-American, holding the back of Evan's head, slides the immense length of cock out of his mouth slowly to its expanded, glazed head, manipulating his throat with rough fingers, then shoves the rod deep, choking him. The cock's head seems to bloat to an even larger, bulbous thing, clogging his wind-pipe; wiry pubic hair, filling his nose, suffocates.

He imagines, in the fantasy, he moans, utters words which might be, Whip me, whip me! but a thick, glutinous flood of gism pours into his mouth, and drops drool from his lips. Hilario continues to fuck his mouth as his moans turn into shouts -- leaning against the wall, he was dazed by his fantasy. Why Hilario? He'd never thought of the Spanish-American or had sex dreams about him, actually hated the man because it had been he who started the persecutions which had caused Evan to call the police and demand they stop the Maes family from doing what they did.

Placing the phone slowly on its hook, he stared out the window at the corral. Who else would know about the court trial but the Maes, his suit against them for harassment over an access road to his property? Hilario, next to youngest of three sons, had assumed head-of-family since his return from the Marines, and his father, old Nemecio, his mother, Rosabel, let their service-educated offspring do as he pleased. And Evan knew it was Hilario who'd begun the harassment three months before barbed wire strung across the road; a demand for \$5,000 to permit him to pass through to the trailer; the police injunction and fence removal followed by his hiring a lawyer; the court suit set in motion. And subsequent rifle shots night or day, never aimed directly at him, shouting and mysterious curses in the dark, his dog

poisoned, fears for Tazel, the Arabian horse. Sudden appearances of snakes, not native to New Mexico while he rode in the arroyo, frightening the animal so it almost threw him. Goddamn those Maes! Those fucking prick Spanish-Americans! Yet, here in the Southwest, he, like other Anglos, was the minority, but he'd decided to hell with that started the court suit, and for the past two weeks, there'd been few incidents, the Maes either too surprised by his guts or restrained by the police injunction. Now the Goddamn telephone call on the first day of the trial!

No sense showering in this heat but he shaved carefully, put on a dark suit, a sober-looking tie, a white shirt for the first time in eight months. Before climbing into the station wagon, he checked the corral to see if there was enough feed in the trough, water, patted the animal's neck. The thought that something might happen to Tazel bothered him.

Then, realizing if something did there was nothing he could do, he locked the gate securely, glanced over a shoulder at the Arabian's rolling eyes.

As he drove over the rutted road, he thought how foolish it was for anyone, particularly him with his big-city background and reliance upon civilized means of protection, to live in such isolation. He didn't even own a gun.

The road ran close to a barbed-wire fence, the eastern side of his land.

This fence continued around the acres his father had bought twenty years before with the plan of retiring to the peaceful countryside of New Mexico. He thought, grimly, of this as he maneuvered wheels between dried-up furrows of hard clay, the station wagon lurching precariously toward the wire. Rounding a curve, the road angled through flat fields of chemisa bushes and pinon trees. In the distance, houses appeared, made of adobe and surrounded by low walls of plain brown mud bricks. These were two of the Maes' homes each side of the access route; further on, along the county road, more Maes houses created a small community of solid, Spanish-American hostility. He'd have to drive through them to the county road which would lead him to the city.

Stones shattered against the car windows and he pressed hard on the accelerator to jump the station wagon forward at high speed, as fast as the

impossibly furrowed road would permit. He wondered why in hell the county graders hadn't appeared in four months to resurface the damn thing? He ignored the thrown rocks, hurtled through an open barbed-wire gate onto the less battered county road; someone shouted. He turned to see a woman standing under one of the Maes house's portals, arm raised in a threatening gesture.

By Christ, we'll see about those Goddamn graders! Caruthers subpoenaed two to appear at the trial this morning to testify! If the access road is serviced by the county, the fucking Maes' can go fart in the wind! Now, his anger with the thrown stones, the woman's raised arm and insulting gesture gave him new determination and purpose. I'll win this suit if it takes every cent I've got.

The town, sleepy in the heat, seemed wrapped within itself behind closed shutters as he drove into a parking space behind the County Building, hopped from the car, and locked the doors, noticing several Highway Patrol cars and officers with sweat-stained uniforms slumped in them. One lifted a hand to his cap, saluted mockingly, grinned broadly from a dark-skinned Spanish-American face. Striding swiftly to double doors, Evan shoved through them into a cool hallway, marched to a front lobby and a desk. The girl behind the desk, Spanish-American of course, when asked where Courtroom Five was, glanced at him. "Why do you want to know?" The question was said with the same insolence he'd become used to when Spanish-Americans spoke to Anglos, but the girl's cool contempt angered him. "Well, for chrissakes, I'm to appear before Judge Lujan, that's why!" He watched the girl's hand with heavy-lacquered red nails point to the right. "Thank you, Miss," he said, cooling it, hoping to appease any malevolent Spanish Gods who might be auditing this conversation. A loser's day? And would it slowly disintegrate to a rotten shambles?

He hated Judge Lujan's face on sight, sat in a chair next to David Caruthers, who turned to smile at him reassuringly. Unable to control his temper, Evan muttered, "That lousy cunt out there on the desk!"

The lawyer raised an eyebrow, whispered to him, "Keep your voice down.

She's Judge Lujan's niece!" Glaring up at the judge, Evan muttered, "Must be out of my fucking head to think I'll win this suit!" then, calming, added, "Shit, David, I'm beginning to think the whole thing is a waste of time and money!"

Lujan banged his gavel and a bailiff called the case after two Sheriff's officers led a bedraggled drunk from the bench to a jail side door. Eight or ten spectators in seats at the rear shifted restlessly. There was the loud sound of popping gum.

Evan glanced across a narrow aisle to several people seated there, three older men, a young boy, two women. The Maeses! As the bailiff's voice droned on, he stared at the woman sitting on the aisle seat. Her eyes turned to meet his, and he recognized Antonia Maes. Old Nemecio's daughter. She smiled at him. The man next to her with an Anglo face was her husband, Scott Michaels; seeing his wife stare, he switched eyes to Evan, who thought. Goddamn good-looking dude. Wonder how old tyrant Maes ever permitted him to marry his daughter. The solid shape seated beside Michaels was Rosabel Maes, the mother, a face, in profile, aristocratic though mounded in flesh, nose aquiline and fierce like a bird's beak. As he stared at her, glittering black eyes shifted and the woman glared at him. She was dressed completely in black, as if for a funeral.

Evan's eyes moved to a smaller, less erect figure in the chair next to Rosabel, saw the pale face of the youngest son everyone called "Jimby".

His full name was Jaime Bernardo. He concentrated on the boy's profile, much like his mother's, but, softer with similar hidden beauty, liquid black eyes, curly locks of black hair falling over a pale forehead. The kids a real doll. He'd paid little attention to the youngest son since taking over his father's land. Evan had heard, also from his few friends in the town, that the boy was a retarded child but now seemed to be normal enough to attend the local college.

Next to Jimby sits the huddled figure of old Nemecio Maes in a dirty jeans jacket of faded blue, a rumpled felt hat pulled down over graying hair, craggy nose, skin like elm bark, a predatory face. Nemecio disdains to turn to look at Evan so he shifts his eyes to two larger, bulkier men in the next

chairs. Hilario and the oldest son, Valentine. They stare stolidly ahead at the bench.

In Hilario's features there was something of the craggy look of his father but the face was handsomer with full-fleshed red lips, a shock of curly black hair like his younger brother, his mother's fine aquiline nose. He was large for a Spanish-American, over six feet with a muscular body, massive chest and powerful arms; he was dressed in black pants and shirt a silver-studded belt, as if for a fiesta.

As he concentrates on Hilario's macho features and body, massive shoulders and powerful arms, an image of the brute standing over Alex in the manuscript, a foot on his chest, fills his mind, and a college Spanish course definition of the word glows there. He-mule, male, male-animal -- and macho cabria, he-goat. Look at that surly, brutish face and cruel black eyes!! he shivers, turns to see if the lawyer has noticed, shifts eyes back to Hilario.

The Spanish-American's face and muscular body are superimposed on the apelike man in the manuscript, but in place of Alex he lies pinned to the floor under the heavy, masterful foot. The foot is not bare, but wears high black-leather boots, and mammoth thighs are encased in tight black-leather pants which gleam, slick and shiny, like the skin of a porpoise.

He is naked, trembles under the boot with delicious anticipation as Hilario leans over him, lowers a zipper of the leather pants, draws out a long, thick length of light-brown flesh, waves it. "You dig Mexican cock, Anglo?" a harshly masculine voice asks. He sees clearly the cock, the color of its pulpy head, the pale-chocolate, wrinkled skin around the head's enlarged ridge, the way the cock flops toward him as Hilario strokes the huge, flaccid pole; drops of ooze form at an inflamed gash as the hand playing with it milks fingers from its base. Hilario starts masturbating the shaft more rapidly, as Evan trembles once more.

The leather pants sink until knees crush his chest forcing breath from him. The cock, soft in the man's fingers as he plays with it, touches Evan's lips and nose; he smells its unwashed odor, tastes a bitter flavor. Hilario's laugh is loudly raucous. "Go ahead, you fucking pervert, suck the bastard!" The

shaft sinks between his open lips and, sighing, he sucks it avidly. The erotic images fade.

Evan glanced at Caruthers from the corner of his eye, then back to the Maes family, seated in a row across from him in the court room. He felt his cock jerk in his underwear, quickly placed a hand between his legs to hide an embarrassing bulge. He wondered if sex with the Maes' next-to-youngest son might be as he'd imagined, stared at the oldest brother.

Valentine, with reddish hair slightly balding, paler skin and light-brown eyes, could have been from a different family. There was no resemblance to either Nemecio or Rosabel. Shorter, less bulky than his brother, he had the broad, shoulders of a wrestler. Evan had heard, from his gossipy town friends, that the Maes' oldest son was considered shiftless, a drunk, too easy-going by his father, which may have been the reason for Hilario's taking over the family leadership after his return from duty in the Marine Corps.

Aside from Nemecio, with his rather brutal face and scowling eyes, the Maes did not appear to be villains but more like simple peasant-types (if one ignored the faintly aristocratic look of Rosabel's cold profile).

Evan noticed Valentine's wife, Merlinda, was absent, remembered the woman with arm raised in a threatening gesture under the house portal. Why do they hate me?

Caruthers stood as the bailiff ceased droning in broken English, asked the judge for permission to call his first witnesses. Lujan nodded with slight astonishment as he might at some minor annoyance. The lawyer called the name "Albert Chaparro" and Evan recalled that would be one of the graders for the Highway Department instructed to appear and testify.

A man in tan shirt and trousers, heavy leather boots, rose from a chair in the rear of the court, was told to sit in the witness box. He had a broad, sweating face, small shifty eyes.

Going directly to the point, Caruthers asked if it was not true, he, Albert Chaparro, had graded a road from the county highway across the Maes land

to property now owned by Evan Lambert? And, in the past eight months of Mister Lambert's ownership, had not he, Chaparro, performed this duty several times?

The small eyes went from the rear of the court to the ceiling, then slid across the Maes faces. "No sir. I don't know where you got your information, but I never graded no road like you describe. No, sir, I never done."

Ryan's attorney's youthful face flushed slightly. "Come now, Mister Chaparro, there are records in the Highway Department we can check if necessary. Matter of fact, they had told me the area I describe is part of your regular itinerary when roads need grading or resurfacing, which..." and he laughed, "is less often than the citizens of this town think necessary. Do you wish to reconsider your answer?"

"No sir." The reply was sullen.

The next witness, another grader by the name of Nazarlo Sena, as his co-worker had, refused any knowledge of having graded that particular road.

Caruthers turned to the judge. "I believe, your honor, these men are tying. Can it be coincidence both are cousins of the defendant, Nemecio Maes?"

The defense attorney rose angrily, nodded to the Maes family, walked toward the bench. "Your honor, prosecution counsel is intimidating the witness. Let me remind you that to accuse a man of a lie is slander!"

The two attorneys argued: the judge yawned; the Maeses sat stolidly in their chairs, and Evan began to wonder once more how foolish this suit was and how stupid he'd been to ever think he could win it. After a long, detailed examination of a man from the Highway Department and heated discussion over the admission of state work-sheets for grading machines, Judge Lujan announced a two-week adjournment for defense to study testimony. There was nothing for Evan to do but leave the court. As he strode angrily through swinging doors, he grabbed Caruthers' arm. "That does it. Deal me out! I'll pay your fee but dismiss the fucking case." As the lawyer frowned, stared at

him, he added, "Oh, for chrissakes, lay off the shit about ethics and principle of the thing. These people run this state, so to hell with them!"

"Turn that around for a moment, Evan. We're lucky Lujan didn't adjourn for two years, which is more his style. Then the suit could just be quietly forgotten as it usually is in civil suits between Spanish-Americans and Anglos over boundary disputes. I think you should continue to fight on principle or whatever the hell you want to call it."

"Well, I'll think about that, get in touch with you next week. Right now, all I want is a drink to cool my fat head. See you around," and he ran for the back door and his car. The two Highway Patrolmen were still lounging in their limousine and guffawed at the way he fumbled with the key in the Ford lock.

Later, he wasn't able to recall how long he stayed in that noisy place off the highway, a bar with slithery Spanish-American girls in tight hot-pants and skimpy bras, the blare of a juke. He'd had three bourbon highballs, drank slowly, the interior of the place air-conditioned and more pleasant than the noise and cheap cocktail waitresses. Not that Hollywood, or any part of southern California, had been any less vulgar.

Christ knew, the sordid vistas of Los Angeles, heightened by smog and an increase in crime, were dreary enough, the town's bars crowded with worse types.

Abstractedly, as he sipped the bourbon, he thought of four years at UCLA in the Creative Writing school, his objective a career as novelist or playwright; and subsequent disillusionment with the only available means to stifle his father's demands for him to be "independent", that rotten job hacking out scripts for Disney Productions. This had taken four more years of his life. His escape to New Mexico had come after his father's death. Dear old Dad and his land. What would I have done with myself if I'd not had it as a refuge?

There was no question whatsoever. He was born a loser!

And the Goddamn typewriter, white keys sneering at him like some evil mouth. When he'd taken over the land, he'd thought it would give him the opportunity to create and a chance to prove those four years in college were not a waste, as old Dad had accused. In that vast empty state he could work a lot more easily than surrounded by temptations (both emotional and physical) of the Hollywood scene! (Or so he thought.) He considered the fact rather dully that he'd not had sexual contact of any kind in the past eight months, his long rides on Tazel a sublimation for normal urges and something other than his own hand, although there were numbers of attractively sensuous boys of Spanish-American ancestry with liquid black eyes and graceful ways of undulating their asses in tight pants. But, trained to caution by past experience; he'd not given in to his, urges, continued, when necessary, to jerk off in his bed, more often now than eight months before. The quick flow of gism in his jerking palm was merely a relief.

He'd made a few friends, young people of his age into other "creative"

efforts -- handmade jewelry, pottery, painting -- but these artisans thought of Evan as a California-refugee with amusement, and he was not part of their group. He admitted some of the parties were a gas with pot smoking and so on, most of the group into drugs of various kinds; he learned to use peyote which, his friends argued, was less messy than horse and more glorious. It was. However, he seldom left the trailer now, spent long days trying to pound sentences into syntax, plots to probity.

Rut the portable sat on the table plaguing him and refusing to type what went on in his head. Along with his other frustrations, the Maes attacks (the telephone call that morning), he now had to add the castration of

'creative effort' which drove him back to the syringe and his gear (spoon, heating lamp) and a quick insertion in a vein, pleasant dreams until he woke with splitting headaches in the trailer's heat, wondering where the fuck he was.

The habit had become a part of him, as it had with other students at UCLA, rather as a surprise, not planned, as both he and his friends maintained, a spin-off from smoking weed. And he knew he could kick it any time he wanted to. And he had in the past eight months, except for occasional

"lows" when he had to use the needle. When you ran out of peyote, what else was there to do? Goddamn!

A fantasy scene began to take shape in his mind (there were times when, with his frustrations, he stubbornly tried to continue "creating"); he thought about the crumpled sheets of yellow paper on the trailer floor.

Let's see... where were we? Uh... now you have Alex and the kid in bed and Alex is blowing him... and where do we go from there?

"The tall figure in black leather moves sinuously towards him. In the shadows of the beach, the tight sheen covering a muscular body, seeming liquid or molten, gleams in moonlight. A gloved hand reaches for him, grips the back of his head, and a hot breath is close to his face. The hand forces Alex to jerk forward, then shoves him to his knees in the sand; he stares up, fascinated, as black leather fingers quickly unfasten buttons of a fly, lower the black leather pants to expose pale skin. Two hands, gripping his ears, force him to the smell of leather, a warm opening and his mouth to wiry pubic hairs which tear at his lips. The odor of the nakedness under leather is pungent, slightly fetid, male, and he inhales deeply, trembling now, his own cock hardening, wet in his shorts. Leather falls away from massive, hairy thighs on either side of his face and a huge erection springs, slick with ooze, against his nose."

"Alex opens his mouth as the hands at the back of his neck pull him forward brutally and the cockshaft sinks deep, knees are clamped to his neck. He cannot breathe but his excitement is too unbearable for him to shove himself away from that hot crotch, that fetid odor, and, gagging, he tries contracting throat muscles to make the cock erupt before he loses consciousness. Opening his eyes, hairs like giant snakes enlarge in his vision, a black sky above him whirling and spinning as a blow strikes the side of his head."

Gulping the last of the third bourbon, he was aware of his rapid breathing, the hardening lump of flesh in his pants. Evan fingered the bulge between his legs under the bar, glanced at the bartender to see if he'd noticed anything, motioned to him for a refill. With self-amusement, he thought.

Man, you're hotter'n a pistol... your own eroticism turns you on! Better hurry back to the trailer and beat your meat.

As he swerved the Ford onto the access road, wheels bounding over mud furrows, he heard a loud roar, saw the long barrel of a rifle pointed skyward and a vanishing face, had the quick, raging impulse to jump from the car, find whomever it had been and beat the shit out of him, but instead, drove on, around behind the trailer to the corral fence. As he opened the padlocked gate, Tazel limped towards him, a leg bleeding and torn. Evan rushed to the animal, took the leg in both hands angrily; the tear looked like a fence wound as if frightened, the horse that pawed a hidden nail. And he thought of the rifle shot. Those fucking Goddamned Maes! His first thought was to telephone a veterinarian over on the highway, then he decided to wash and bind the wound himself phone the doctor later. After binding the leg with gauze and ointment, he fed Tazel goodies from a box in the barn, rubbed his warm nose, then walked to the trailer. He'd started for the phone when a voice said.

"Was waitin' for you to get here, Lambert. What took you so long?"

He whirled around, saw Hilario Maes seated at the table, a cup of coffee in his hand, glanced into the small kitchen section to see he'd left the percolator on when he'd rushed away earlier. "Help yourself," Evan muttered shifting his eyes to stare at the Spanish-American's naked torso.

Filmed with sweat and clinging damp black hair, the massive chest seemed swollen, its skin the color of toasted almonds. Eyes staring back at him were jet black, but, in their depths, he saw a lazy, sexual glint -- no mistaking that look! Beneath the naked chest, the lower part of the man's body was clothed in torn Levi's, cut short; a huge bulge protruding from the crotch was very evident. "You know, don't you, Judge Lujan is my father's cousin?" Hilario's voice was deep, rumbling, and he grinned. "I don't tell you this for any particular reason, Lambert." White teeth flashed in a tan face. "But I think you dig me. Might just as well call off the Goddamn trial, is what I'm saying, okay?"

As Evan stared at the grinning, moist red mouth, he controlled his anger but asked, "What right do you have busting into my trailer?" I strode to the wall

phone, adding over a shoulder, "I'm going to call the fuzz, okay? My horse has been injured and I think you know how, you bastard. If you're still around when they get here, I'll have them lock you up."

Lifting the phone from its hook, he pointed a finger at the dad, and the voice behind him said, "Wouldn't advise that you and me can come to an agreement without bothering the fuzz, right? No sense, anyway some of those boys are relatives, too."

He put the phone back on the hook, walked to the kitchen, poured coffee into a mug. As he sat across the table from the Spanish-American, Evan glanced at the bare upper body, the matted black hair, wisps of black hair at armpits, the rigid tips of nipples. Following his stare, Hilario casually touched a nipple with his finger, then flipped it with a fingernail. "Come on, Lambert, I been around. In the Marines, us leathernecks knew what guys like you want." Black, cynical eyes glanced down as the hand slid from caressing the nipple over a sweat-filmed belly to the torn Levi's, unfastened a top button, then scratched at a bush of black pubes which protruded from the opening. His red mouth formed a lewd pout, the tip of a tongue poked from moist, salivating lips. Evan stared at the man's enticing display of flesh, now revealed as the fingers unfastened the last button.

"I like guys to suck my dick," Hilario said smiling. The hand withdrew a long length of pale-almond skin, the cockhead exposed, wet, beginning to expand to a slick shine. "You give me a blow job, Lambert, and I may reconsider use of our access road. That is if you do a good job, no jacking-off shit, just plain fancy sucking. Get me?"

He got up from the table unsteadily, eyes still glued to that sinuous length of hard cock. With his own cock hardening, he'd thought for a brief moment, Why the hell not? but, anger resurfacing as his face flushed hot, he shouted, "You fucking bastard." Striding to the phone again, he jerked it off the hook, spun the dial.

Hilario shifted on the plastic padded seat, stood, the Levi's shorts sliding over hairy thighs to the trailer floor. The cock in his fingers stuck straight from his belly, its head a bright red. "Get away from there, Lambert." Shuffling towards Evan, the massive cock slapping each thigh, he jutted his

jaw in close to Evan's face. "Jesus Christ, are you dumb? I told you we can figure this out between us. All you gotta do is..."

Evan yelled into the phone, "Operator! Get me the police!" His hand was gripped and folded around warm flesh; a hot breath and grinning red lips said, "You want it, Lambert? Go ahead, mouth the fucker, I won't hurt you." Fluid, oozing from the cock onto his palm, was sticky as Hilario squeezed his hand; then, shoving him roughly, Hilario raised the Levi's shorts over narrow hips, and strode to the screen door.

He said angrily, "This is Evan Lambert, South Gallisteo Road near the Maes property? Can you send a squad car out here?" As he turned to stare at the Spanish-American by the screen door, he added, "I've had some trouble. When? No sooner?"

Replacing the phone, he thought, The sonsofbitches can't get here for an hour! and glanced at Hilario's grinning mouth.

"Like I said, Lambert, some of those boys don't like Anglos any more'n my pa and me." The tall muscular body moved back to him. He raised a clenched fist, tapped the knuckles on Evan's chin. "Okay, you fucking pervert! I'll find another way to get your Goddamned ass outta this state!" Turning, he strode back to the door, hipped the screen shut.

CHAPTER TWO

The fantasy begins once more the moment the screen door slams shut.

Hilario walks back into the trailer completely naked. His enormous cock is rock-hard now. He holds its stiff length in both hands, and it projects from a hairy belly like the trunk of a tree.

Striding to the table, massive thighs black with silky hair, he grasps Evan's head roughly, pulls him towards the dripping, red head of the cock, and, as Evan jerks back, fingers on his jaw open his lips. The cockhead is bright red with inflamed blood; beads of milky ooze drip from it. Evan stares at swollen veins, foreskin pulled taut by erect cockshaft and gathered in a tight pucker around a pulpy ridge; he smells its tainted odor.

Hands holding him and fingers meshed in his hair are not rough but caressing, fondle the back of his neck, push him slowly over the hard flesh of the cock and his lips enclosed it. Hilario mutters, "Take it slow, man, I'm gonna squirt a load into you you're gonna love, got enough jizz in my balls to drown you," and gradually the cock sinks deep.

Unlike the other fantasy about the Spanish-American, sex is less brutal, almost loving, as the hands stroke Evan's hair, caress him fondly.

Hilario stands, heavy, naked thighs quivering, bare feet planted wide apart and hips jutting forward, stares at Evan's saliva-wet lips as they suck the cock's spongy head, slide to pubic hair in his groin. Smiling, he groans, "That's it, Anglo, suck me, make me feel good!" Bending his knees slightly, he holds the immense cock away from Evan's lips as it slides from his mouth, its foreskin slimy with saliva; then, gripping the cock furiously in his fist, he mutters, "You like this dick, Anglo? Not bad for a lousy Spanish-American, eh." Evan stares up at liquid black eyes, nods his head, eagerly returns his mouth to that huge erotic hunk of flesh.

Its taste is raunchy, virile, as he licks a quivering shaft with his tongue, contracts throat muscles to stroke it, as Hilario begins to moan in low,

grunting sounds. The cock plunges in and out of his lips more rapidly, removed to its inflamed head, then shoved back in as Evan tries to swallow it, feels it expanding in his throat, and, with a violent shove, come spurts from it.

He sat, dreaming at the table, in the heat from the trailer window.

Sunlight had dried bread of a peanut-butter sandwich he'd made and it now tasted as rotten as lukewarm beer. Not exactly a dream, although stupidly impossible to believe, his thoughts revolved around the fuzz, who'd arrived two hours after he telephone and Hilario had stamped out the door; the excuses these men made, finally admitting there was nothing they could do as long as the court trial was in process. And, when he'd accused them of what Hilario said (their relationship with the Maes family) both had laughed at him and made remarks about the "crazy Anglo writer"!

When the two left, his anger altered to frustration with his predicament.

You mean to tell me this sort of thing can happen in the twentieth century? He'd made the sandwich, plugged the tin top of a beer can, sat angrily at the table; he actually loathed peanut butter, and the Goddamn beer tasted like piss!

Well get your head straight. If I call off the trial, then split...

Split? But where? His eyes moved to the silently accusing typewriter on the table by his arm. Go back to that Disney shit-emporium? Never, but the chances of his ever writing the Great American Novel in this wilderness were slim. Well, maybe less slim than in the suffocating middle-America atmosphere of that Goddamn studio!

At UCLA, he'd been a good student but had slid through the four years on the encouragement of professors who thought him attractive and talented; other activities, other than his studies, were more important and required his participation. He joined many campus political organizations, including the Black Activist Group after there'd been demonstrations in the college dean's office and burning of campus-police files. He thought by joining the Blacks

he'd remove the onus of being part of the Establishment, which he was not, but his mother and father were.

Lambert now was an executive with an aerospace company in the valley, a vast complex of new buildings spread over once green hills, now bulldozed and level, now barren as the Mojave desert. The Blacks had demonstrated here, also, were quickly repulsed with tear-gas fired by company guards with huge boxer dogs and billy-clubs. At meetings held by the Activists, some took particular pleasure in reminding Evan of his "capitalist, whitey ties", but he soon proved to them his loyalty to the cause.

Ethan Lambert got himself atomized white in an experimental supersonic plane designed to wipe out resistance by slant-eyed Asians; Rodgtron Industries erected a bronze plaque to their vice-president's memory and the widow was handsomely compensated for his "sacrifice" in the form of three million dollars cash. And, for a short while, Evan's life took an upward turn. He'd never cared much for his father, considering him to be an embarrassing member of the "Industrial-military complex". He continued to live with his mother, even after he left the hallowed halls of Disney, planned to give some of the money he'd get from his father's estate to the Black group, talked a lot about the amount became a kind of hero. But before he could do this, his mother died, leaving the money and the house and property overlooking the Pacific to the university. The land Ethan Lambert had bought in New Mexico and the magnificent sum of five thousand dollars became Evan's.

Big deal, he thought as he stared at the dried-up earth and pinon trees covered with dust. Most of the money had gone for payments on the Ford and trailer, the cost for Tazel, and there was damn little left. A horsefly buzzed at the window screen and, furiously, he crushed it in his fingers. Goddamn!

He got up, slammed back the small trig door, removed another can of beer, reseated himself at the table; gazed absently out the window again, sniffing the heat. Still if it weren't for the night job at that freaky motel, I'd be down to my last penny... and now, if I lose, the court case, charges, lawyer fees -- oh, Christ! He knew if there'd been any other place for him to go after his mother's death, he would have gone there. This Godforsaken country try has

shot me down. Yet he knew, also, there was no point blaming his "creative slump" on the land. He'd just lucked-out!

He decides to take a train from Los Angeles rather than a plane; cheaper and he can "see the country". And it is interesting although the Pullman is dirty, food in the diner abominable, but he likes the New Mexican town where he disembarks, takes a taxi to a second town, its old hotel similar to some he's seen in travelogues of the Southwest residents dressed in cowboy clothes, fewer tourists than expected. A central plaza with tall cottonwoods, a war memorial, is surrounded by picturesque buildings, shops at street level, offices above. In one, he finds the real-estate agent who tells him how to find Ethan Lambert's land.

"Something you should know," says the agent eyeing Evan's city clothes and neatly polished shoes. "You got any idea what an access road is, son?" Evan shakes his head. "Well, I'll tell you. Y'see, the Maes family

-- very powerful around these parts -- have owned the property each side of yours for couple hundred years. Now, that access road. We -- your papa and me -- checked if it was listed as a county road and it was. What I mean to say is, you shouldn't have no trouble from the Maes far as I can figure." The man stares at Evan through blurred bifocals. "You mind your business, don't mess around with them, is all I advise."

After paying the down payment on the Ford and trailer, he drives from the highway and, along the access road, is stopped by several burly types with grinning mouths, rifles at the ready. When he tells them who he is, they bow scoffingly, permit him to pass. This first introduction to the Maeses does not encourage a further exchange of friendship. He sees the youngest son a few times puttering around in that horrible mess of mangled cars in the yard, the daughter, Antonia (learns their names gradually), who seems less hostile, the two other sons and, occasionally, the mother, Rosabel, with a herd of goats, a cow or two. He learns to ignore these strange people, occupies himself with his land and his horse.

He gets the job of night clerk in the motel, sits at the trailer table during the day pounding on typewriter keys in the heat buzzing of flies a constant irritation. His mind seems a blank, a vacuum, although he does manage to

bang out page after page of meaningless nonsense. He knows that it is, and, trying to relax, to admit he's "dried up" creatively, learns to enjoy cool mornings, clear skies free of smog, vistas of flat plains and snow-covered mountains. But, when loneliness and frustration bug him to distraction, he slams from the trailer to ride Tazel for hours over the dry earth until exhausted.

His eyes moved from staring at the beer can in his hand to a window over the table and a sky so blue it hurt his eyes. Sweat coursed down his cheeks, dampening long sideburns, dripped from his chin. Whatever happens with the trial, I'll not go back! He kicked at the screen door, stepped outside, crossed to the corral. The barn was slightly cooler, but heady with odors of manure and straw blistering in the heat. As he stroked Tazel's sleek white neck, he murmured in the horse's ear, refilled the feed box and poured water in the trough, ambled back to the trailer, underarms of his white shirt soaked with sweat. Since he'd requested a two-week absence from the motel because of the trial (begrudgingly given by the manager, a Spanish-American) there was no sense rushing about the rest of the day. How about a nap?

He stripped off his soggy shirt, tossed it into a plastic hamper in the bath, peed, then slid damp Jockeys over muscular thighs to ankles, stepped from them, left the shorts on the bathroom floor. What slight breeze there was, coming in the trailer windows, felt wonderful on his perspiring crotch. Absently fingering his cock, it grew large in his hand; he ran his palms over a moist under-belly, his balls. Jesus Christ, that youngest Maes kid is a doll! (Jimby's black eyes stare across the court room at him -- Jaime Bernardo, he reminds himself -- what a doll!) As he caressed the now rigid cock, he wondered why the heat of the day always made him feel so horny? (Jimby's smile, those full red lips and white teeth, gleam like search lights.) He's only nineteen! but the kid had, he was certain, stared at him with a certain look. That certain look... and the boy stands in the shower with him as water gushes over a lithe, lean body and pale tan skin. Placing a wet mouth to Evan's cheek, he whispers, "Suck me off," and a tongue penetrates Evan's ear.

Shivering, he stares at that beautiful body and small cock arching from a smooth belly. Though small, its head is large, pulpy, drips with water like a spout. Kneeling, he takes the young prick in his lips.

The boy moans, bare feet slipping in the water and tile floor of the stall, and, bending his knees, shoves hips forward. The cock slides deeper in Evan's throat, who, as he wraps arms around shuddering hips, tensed cheeks of a rounded ass, thinks, Don't orgasm right away, make it last forever! I will make you love me. Gasping, he squats on his haunches in the drenching water, shoves wet hair from his eyes, stares up through the downpour at Jimby.

He returns his lips to that small, arching cock. Warm water lubricating it and the inside of his mouth, he sucks, hears the boy's moans, feels the large cockhead slip on his tongue, grips shuddering hips in closer to his face, buries his lips in soapy pubes. The smell, the taste, of that youthful dick, fresh with water, is ecstatic and wonderful. Sinking to his knees, he shoves his head under parted legs, swallows a hairless sac, feeling small balls squirm. Jimby moans again, "Suck me, suck me."

Lapping at a crinkled pucker, water drowning his tongue, he is choked, and gasping once more, jerks his head from between those quivering thighs, leans back to stare up at that beautiful body.

Black liquid eyes staring at him come closer as the boy bends to him, touches lips to his, pries them apart with a tongue glued to his mouth, licking and stroking, sucking, until Evan thinks he'll go mad. He grabs narrow hips roughly, rams them into his face, gulps the small dick ferociously. The boy's hips ram forward again. As he almost falls to the watery tile floor, Jimby begins to shout.

His own rigid cock in a hand, his other hand gripped around wriggling balls as he stood under the water imagining sex with Jimby, he felt his cock pulsate in his palm, stroked it faster. Yeah, you're horny all right in the heat of the day... just thinking of him has you ready to shoot.

He manipulated the shaft in the way he knew would bring on a quick orgasm; his knees trembled, his belly contracted, then he heard a roaring

noise outside the trailer.

A pickup truck drove from the access road, swerved into his land with a swirl of dust, and two men in tan chinos got out from it, strode to the trailer door so quickly he didn't have time to grab something to cover himself or his still-erect cock. The screen door slammed. One man (he now recognized them as the Highway Department graders who'd testified in such a shitty way that morning at the trial) stood there grinning at him, a ruff of curly, black hair framing a square, rather brutal face and piggy eyes like a Mexican bandit. The other, with a less ferocious visage, had several teeth missing when he, too, grinned, and was shorter with squat bow-legs.

"Excuse us." Albert Chaparro said with an overdone pretense of formality.

"Sena and me want a talk with you, Lambert." The piggy eyes moved from Evan's face to concentrate on his rigid cockflesh hanging between legs, now beginning to droop. "I see you were expecting us," and he bellowed with laughter. The other, Sena, nudged Chaparro, giggling.

No sense demanding why they'd busted in, so, ignoring their leers, he offered them beer from the frig. "Uh... what's on your mind?" he asked casually, annoyed by the way both pairs of eyes kept staring at his dick.

"Ain't what's on our minds, Mister Lambert, but what's on yours. Don't get high-hat with us guys, okay?" He nudged the other one, snickering,

"Got a whale of a whang on 'im, right Naz?" Sena gulped beer, placed the can on the table, clamped hands between his legs. "Maybe he'd like a look at what I got?" he said, leering. And Evan caught on to what these two had in mind.

Sena unzipped his chino fly, dug inside the baggy tan material. "Shit I gotta charge in here'll blow the top of his fucking head off." Chaparro said to Evan, "Turn around, Anglo!"

"I think, gentlemen, you'd better get the fuck out of here," he said as he was jerked around, heavy hands on his shoulder bending him forward.

"Nice buns," someone said. "Damn good plugging."

While he fought with them, wondered if this, like the beginning of this awful day, was actually happening to him, the men seemed to play with him effortlessly, fended off his wildly flailing arms, and, as they struggled, a hand would grip his cock hard, pull it viciously, blood throbbing in its taut head. He'd butt a fat belly, hear loud grunts and laughter. "Scrappy Anglo, ain't he?" a voice panted and another muttered,

"Gonna teach you a lesson not to mess around with Spanish-Americans."

Pinned to the trailer floor, heavy hands held his squirming legs, fingers tore at his pubic hair, and bare knees, pants material lowered and stretched across his chest, sank on each side of his head; a hot cock was pressed to his nose. "Suck!" a voice commanded as a fist clouted his face. His lips pried open, the cock was rammed in his throat.

"Arruumph!" a voice shouted as hips shoved downward. Trying to kick with his legs, heavy weights held them down and hands pinioned his shoulders to the floor. Balls in a wet, hairy sac ground to his chin, and the man's frantic increased with loud, panting grunts.

In his throat a thick, mucous substance and fingers clutching his neck forced swallow the gism. His eyes, behind clouds of sparkled red spirals and serpentes seemed to be sinking deeper inside rose-patterned vinyl, but, what was astonishing was that this experience (the fact he'd actually been raped) was not unpleasant, he felt his own cock, rock-hard, and drooling, ooze on his thigh with his excitement.

Another pair of bare knees and lowered pants straddled his face and a second smelly cock rammed to his lips. This time, he opened them mechanically, licked the jerking member with his tongue. A second voice grunted, "Arruumph!" as hips shoved down hard. As he wondered if all Spanish-Americans made that funny noise when somebody's mouth sucked them, the voice yelled, "Shit!" and come poured into him. "Jesus!" the voice moaned, and a fat belly pressed to his nose with the body falling forward over him.

He was dimly conscious of movement about the trailer as he lay with eyes closed. What does one do now? Get up and shake hands? Say, man, that was a damn good rape you done there? A shoe kicked his thigh. A voice muttered, "Don't fool around with the Maes family, you get me, Anglo? If you do, next time we won't just fuck your mouth, we'll kill you! Forget the fuzz, too, and we don't want no more bullshit from you!" Both men laughed. He heard the screen door bang shut.

When he opened his eyes, a ray of slanted sunlight poured through the window. This Godawful day is ending! But he lay there for a while on the cool vinyl, stared up at the trailer ceiling, felt the moist head of his cock on his naked thigh. You liked it! Christ Almighty, what kind of weirdo are you turning yourself into? and he was astonished once more with his reaction and how pleasantly his tensions had been released.

Okay, get up, fix a lousy TV dinner, drink myself into a stupor. Get stoned? Where's the peyote, for chrissakes? but none of these seemed to interest him; it was more satisfying to just lie there. Should I tell the fucking Maeses what their buddies did to me? Hell no!

Let's see now, what if. Hilario and Valentine came in here at this very moment. The thought of further punishment caused his cock to jerk, harden on his bare thigh, and, sitting up, it flopped down between his legs, the head touching the vinyl floor. He stroked it. Its head slimy in his fingers. I'll split! And fuck them all! Who gives a shit about the Goddamn land, anyway?

Suddenly, he remembered how he'd left Los Angeles, the many farewell parties, the Black Activists toasting him almost as their hero (he was supposed to spread the gospel to the brothers -- meaning the Chicanos), and the money he'd spent on the Ford, trailer, the horse. The Goddamn fucking job at the motel! You can't go back, dummy! He crawled to his knees, sprang the frig door, took out a can of beer; the opener was on the counter above him just out of reach and, laughing now, he underhanded the can into the sink, staggered to his feet unsteadily. Shuffling bare feet on the cool vinyl, he ambled to a cupboard, jerked down a bottle of Harper, tore off the sealed cap. The pungent taste of Scotch was great on his tongue, washed

away the not-unpleasant taste of gism in his mouth; raising the bottle to his lips again, he swallowed deeply.

By the time half the bottle was gone, the sun had dropped behind small pointed buttes in the west and the sky was tinted ruby and orange; he was feeling less sorry for himself. He bumped around the kitchen section of the trailer, humming under his breath, stared blearily out the windows at the corral. "Poor fucking little horsie," He said out loud, then began to laugh. Fumbling with pants zipper and buttons of a shirt, he was dressed, finally, slid his bare feet into moccasins. As he stumbled down the trailer steps and heard Tazel neigh and paw the barn floor, called out,

"Cool it, baby, I'll be back, lover!" staggered to the road. Now, black outlines of pinon trees against a gray-mauve horizon looked slightly ominous; there was a moon hanging in the sky like a giant white balloon.

He ambled in the direction of lights in the Maes' houses.

The night is very black on the Santa Monica beach, a faint sliding swish of surf on his left. Lights, from houses; gleam ahead of him, signs beckoning him on; overhead, the heavens whirl their own signs, allegories, hieroglyphs; the air is warm, caressing.

He's been to a party given by his parents' friends, has left with disgust his father's generation and hypocrisies turning him off wanders, sand cool on his bare feet, the feel of a breeze on his naked torso. Then, deciding to rid himself of his shorts, he falls to the sand, tries to snake them down over his hips. From the beach house a hundred yards away, he hears music of a hi-fi, laughter. The shorts are restricting leg movement; he kicks them off. Ahhh! the wonderful feeling of freedom. I'll get away from those pigs, Goddamnit! One day!

He stares up at the dark sky as a stream of fire arches across space, vanishes into the Pacific. Make a wish? For what? A lover? Money?

Independence? Travel? He sits up, hunches over his knees, his cock, oddly hard, touching the sand under him. He strokes it, the heavy-hanging balls, mechanically. He's never had any kind of permanent relationship with

another man at nineteen, aside from casual encounters at the university, with some of his professors who make love to him, most of these experiences brief and unimportant. Assuming his constant masturbation is normal for a young man his age, he does wonder, at times, what this "love" is all about. Is there more to it than that dizzying sensation as he jacks off into a handkerchief or ejaculates into a sucking mouth?

As he continues to stroke his cock absently under raised knees, he wonders if "love" -- whatever it may be -- is necessary. Isn't making it sufficient pleasure without the confusion of emotional involvement? The stimulation of a sucking mouth or the sensations of a cock fucking him, aren't these things all there is to love?

Of the several men he's made it with, profs at school, a fellow student or two, all have been the dominant aggressors. This fact rather gives him a feeling of pride. Let the other guy put out, make the advances and, if not, to hell with him! he thinks, Except Billie! The name causes his cock to enlarge further, jerk in his palm. Yeah, that was something else. He does not have to shut his eyes for the images to return.

Billie was in the freshman class at UCLA, a young Jewish boy with appealing dark eyes fringed with lashes like a girl's, a full red mouth, long lean body smooth as silk. They meet in the gym during swim class and, without thinking one way, or another about it, Evan stares at that lithe naked body. Later, alone in the showers, they touch each other's hardening dicks. With Billie, it is Evan who makes the first pass, and he still remembers the feel of soapy fingers on his cock.

They go to an apartment on Fraternity Row, have beer, talk of student activities in a butch, masculine way, but both know what they are here for. Clothes removed, Evan stares at narrow hips and waist long tapering legs, softly rounded cheeks of an ass. As they wrap arms around each other, he feels his cock drip fluid onto a belly pressed to him.

Perhaps, because Billie seems mote like a woman than a man, Evan finds himself making it as he imagines lovers might; strokes that smooth skin, plays with erect nipples, fingers a moist opening in the young man's tight-

cheeked ass. And he recalls lying on Billie, their naked bodies sweaty, merely rubbing against each other until both orgasm.

He thinks, Why does that remain in my memory? Nothing great or sexy happened, just two guys dry-fucking! Yet he knows, somewhere in hidden parts of his brain, this experience with the Jewish boy has changed him in a manner he cannot define. Is it because, afterwards, he admits to himself he loves -- well, is attracted to men only, has made the gay scene?

From the corner of his eye, he sees two people walk arm-in-arm along the rim of surf, swivels his face to stare at them, wondering if they can see him in shadows of the beach, naked. His hands drop the stiff flesh between his legs as he stares at what appears to be a white cloud floating above the two figures. Then, delighted, he realizes it is white balloons. He waits, watches the bobbing white blobs, is not too surprised when the figures shift course, walk over the sand to him. An amused voice says, "Well, looka what we got here! A sure-nuff water-baby!" he knows the voice is Negro, the second voice, when it laughs, is female; although embarrassed by his nakedness, he says with complete cool, "How are you?"

then sees Black Is Beautiful printed on the white balloons, laughs.

The man and woman sit in the sand beside him, and a nice, rumbling voice asks, "You live around here? What's your name, boy?" He tells them Evan Lambert, asks their names. The woman offers him a cigarette from her purse and, as he lights it, she says, "Pot honey, you'll like it." They sit silently smoking, pass the roach between them, stare out over the surging surf. "You afraid of Blacks, Evan Lambert?" the man's soft voice asks.

Rising, the woman leans, pats Evan's head gently, "You two dudes have a groovy time," she murmurs, ambles to the surf, walks slowly along the beach. A warm hand on his naked thigh moves under his raised knees, and fingers enclose his cock; the voice at his shoulder murmurs, "I've seen you around the university, knew who you were, boy. I dig you, Evan Lambert."

Glancing up the beach to the woman's swaying figure, the luminous white balloons bobbing over her head, he lies back in the sand, raises arms to clasp them around broad, muscular shoulders. A wet mouth touches his

cock; a furry tongue licks it. He fumbles with the man's crotch and zipper, opens the pants, and his fingers grip hat skin; its odor is animal and exciting. Shoving the pants further over heavy dark thighs, that black body is now fully exposed to his gaze: the mammoth pole of shining skin, black pubes like fine wire, the cockhead slick and wet in his fingers. The voice murmurs, "Put your legs on my shoulders, boy."

Sand scratchy and grainy on his bare back, he lifts his legs to shoulders bending over him. The saliva-wet cock touches his asshole, at first gently, then firmly. "Ain't gonna hurt you, boy," the rumbling voice says. "You jes' relax, now. Harvey won't hurt you."

With slow but penetrating shoves, soon his body is suffused with a growing warmth and, legs straining now, his pelvis moves with the body over him. He plunges his tongue in a hot mouth as lips, full and soft, open, seeming to swallow him. He moans, "I love you, I love you!" His sperm rises in a flooding surge so quickly, creams the belly and his belly, he can only gasp, over and over, body quivering, as the black face above him stares down. "Evan. Lambert, Evan Lambert," the rumbling voice moans, slightly harsher now, and the cock is rammed further violently.

With this deeper penetration, he orgasms again, legs churning, body heaving and jerking, and gushes of warm come fill him. Arms holding him fiercely lift him off the sand, impale him on that giant cock and, almost weeping, he kisses the soft, full-fleshed mouth, feeling as if he'd turned to water now, dissolved into a quivering mass of sandy jelly.

Evan joins the Black Activists the next week, and his friend, Harvey Summers, and he are lovers for three years, until the Negro is jailed in the university demonstrations; after his release, Harvey vanishes from his life. He is alone again. But, after his father's death, when he goes to New Mexico, he is certain he can make friends with Chicanos. Maybe, they will even be lovers.

His feet stumbled over the access road, gritty clay filling moccasins, lights ahead of him in the Maes' houses seeming to recede. He stopped to catch his breath, leaned against the rough surface of a fence post and sharp barbed wire tore his shirt. Above, the sky looked phosphorescent, the Milky Way a

liquid white excreta as if a monster orgasm creamed the stars. By their glow, he saw the jagged points of wire, the pale green of chemisa bushes, ripped the shirt free, staggered on. Pungently sweet odors in his nose reminded him of seaweed cast along California beaches.

Harvey, oh, Christ, Harvey! We were wrong. There is no brotherhood of men! You lied, you lied, you black bastard!

As he neared split-rails and wire surrounding the first house, two large German Shepherds bounded from the dark, snarling and growling. The door to the house opened; a woman's voice called something in Spanish and the dogs slunk away, whimpering. The woman walked toward him, opened the gate. "How are you, Mister Lambert?" Antonia Maes' voice said.

He followed her, stumbling over deep mud furrows, to the portal, blinking at the bright light as she motioned with a hand for him to enter. The room was spacious and very warm. Plastic-bubble lamps were suspended from a beamed ceiling (like white balloons!) anti, still unable to see clearly, he squinted his eyes. The Maeses were all there, seated in chairs like waxworks figures or corpses in lifelike positions. They stared at him silently.

CHAPTER THREE

The first voice to speak was Rosabel Maes. (He was conscious of Antonia standing at the closed door behind him.) "It would appear, daughter, we have an unexpected visitor. Offer the gentleman some wine."

He stared at the older woman. Coils of long, black hair formed a high coiffure; thick gold loops hung at each ear; skin of her face was paler than the other faces with the exception of Jimby, who sat on a low stool staring up at Evan; her features, as he'd noticed at the trial, aristocratic, less peasant or Mexican-Indian. (Must be she, with her Spanish land-grant ancestors, who really owns this property!) Her mouth was finely shaped and without lipstick; she was smoking a small black cigar.

He gulped, then managed to blurt, "No thank you... I, uh came to see if we might..." The flat, cold eyes of this formidable woman held his and he stammered, "I... uh, dropped by to say I think..."

A barking laugh broke the silence; he turned his head to stare at Hilario, who was sprawled in the cushions of a couch. "What bugged you, man? Chickening out?" the man said with scathing sarcasm.

"I wanted to talk with Nemecio." Evan shifted his eyes to the old man who'd paid no attention to him, occupied with a comic book. The father, hearing his name, lowered the magazine, glared across tattered pages, belched, went on reading. Evan swiveled around unsteadily to look at Antonia, sensed if help came, it might come from her. "You understand what I'm trying to say, don't you, Miss Maes?" She corrected him in a low voice, "Senora Michaels, Mister Lambert," and he remembered she was married to Scott Michaels, an Anglo like himself, swerved around to stare at the man.

He was seated in an armchair near a table lamp with a shade of colored glass, spots, red and green, splotching his rather florid face and lighting the deep red of his hair. Pale-blue eyes met Evan's; an instant communication

sparked between them. I know you as you know me. We're both gay! Scott spoke in a relaxed voice, but Evan suspected it was a pose,

"Welcome, neighbor. All of us have been wondering when you'd pay us a social call. Merely good manners, you understand?"

Nemecio snarled something in Spanish from behind his comic magazine; Rosabel shifted her plump body in the high-backed chair as heavy eyelids closed over blazing black orbs. She raised the small cigar to her lips, sucked in, sent smoke spiraling to the ceiling, opened her eyes again to stare at Evan. "Scott is a fool. We have not been anticipating this visit, Mister Lambert. I speak for myself and the family. We don't like your kind, and, frankly, will do anything possible to get you off our land."

He steadied his weaving body, determined not to look scared, said too loudly, "That will not be as easy as you think, Senora Maes! My father bought the land legally and with attorneys. You have no right to question ownership now."

Her eyes snapped shut and she seemed to withdraw within herself, ignore what he'd said. He glanced around the room at the others. Valentine, with a face so unlike his brothers', light-brown hair slightly balding, brown eyes and lashes. The man smiled, a sullen expression altering to open admiration. Evan smiled at him hoping Valentine, too, would come to his defense but the man's face froze as he dropped his eyes. Next to Valentine on the low stool, Jimby stared up at him and he thought again, The kid is really beautiful! The boy's eyes, enormous and deep-black, stared at him and his pale, dusky face flushed crimson as he met Evan's penetrating glance, turned his face to look at his mother. Seated in a window on a padded cushion at the far end of the room, he saw Valentine's wife, Merlinda, the woman who'd shouted at him and raised a fist in an insulting gesture as he drove past the house that morning. She was plain-featured, glossy-black hair tied in a tight bun, a thin mouth turned down, showing her disapproval.

Jimby -- Jaime Bernardo -- stared at me as if he knew what I'm thinking!

How I'd like to make love to that kid and, drunkenly, he grins, staggers, feels Antonia's hand grip his arm; hold him upright. Those liquid black eyes, the beauty of the kid's face! and he thinks, Something hard and cruel in those eyes! finds his mind filling again with fantasy images. In them, Jimby dominates.

The interior of the house fades to a strange exterior, a landscape, partly beach, partly meadow, which doesn't make any sense, but the warm breezes blowing on his naked body are hypnotizingly sensual. Alex, of his manuscript, stands before him, his great length of tool limp, but his eyes are warmly affectionate.

Then he sees Jimby, shifts his eyes to stare down at the boy who crawls through grassy-sand surfaces on hands and knees, a hairless sac swaying in and out between cheeks of a boyish ass. He wonders what the kid is searching for, squats beside him, touches a bare thigh. Jimby turns his head to stare at him.

Dropping to knees, smiling at him, Alex runs a hand under the boy's ass, fondles his balls, caresses the small stiff cock pressed to his belly.

Then, he motions with a hand, lifts one of Jimby's legs to let Evan see fingers clasp the cock, milking and stroking it. Jimby quivers, moans, rolls onto his back as his cock erupts with wet spurts of come; pearly drops splash on his stomach.

As the boy lies there squirming, hips convulsed with his orgasm, dark-haired Alex reaches under, inserts a finger in his asshole, and the boy moans again. Quickly, Alex takes his great length of cock in hand, jacks it in his fist until, with a loud sigh, he, too, shoots milky come all over the boy's stomach. As the last drops ooze from the jerking cockshaft, he motions with his hand for Evan to bend down.

Leaning over them, he licks the come from the heaving belly, swallows it, feels his throat burn with the flavor.

Hilario's amused voice seemed to awaken him. "To refuse our wine, Lambert, is to commit a social error in the Southwest. However," and he

laughed, "I think you've had plenty of spirits already and might prefer something stronger?"

"No, thank you," he managed to say; Antonia's fingers were hot on his bare arm.

"Then, there is no reason for your remaining here." Rosabel's voice was icy.

Antonia moved around him to the center of the room, stood glaring at her mother. "Shame! You do discredit to our people, Mama!" She turned to stare at Evan. "He has done nothing to you. Why do you treat him in such a cruel manner? Can't we be friends?" She glanced at her husband as if for affirmation, frowned, returned her eyes to the coldly imperious face in the high-backed chair. "There must be an end to the fighting sometime, Mama."

Nemecio growled in Spanish; Merlinda said in a whining voice, "Oh, shut up, Antonia," and Jimby jumped from the law stool, ran to his mother, shouting at Evan, "Don't you dare make her unhappy you damn Anglo!"

In the oppressive silence that followed, he didn't know what to do or say, shifted his feet on the painted adobe floor, glanced at Scott Michaels for encouragement, met his stony stare. Rosabel's voice was less cold when she spoke.

"My children do not agree with my purpose, Mister Lambert, which is unfortunate. They, like most young people today, care nothing for the past, as we of the older generation must do. They have varying reasons for this attitude. My daughter, married to an Anglo like you, has sympathy with your kind and for selfish reasons, I'm afraid. Her husband is a fool as is my oldest son, Valentine. I'll go no further into family matters for your benefit however." Her half-closed eyelids raised to stare at him; then her fingers, like white bird wings, stroked the curly black hair of Jimby's head in her lap. "Jaime Bernardo," and as the boy jerked up angrily, she corrected, "Jimby, even though my youngest understands what Spanish-Americans must do, don't you, Jimby?" The boy nodded, turned to glower at Evan. "I have not offered you a place to sit in my home, Mister Lambert, because, if I were to do that, I'd be breaking an oath I took when I joined the Entidad never to extend hospitality to an Anglo. If you do not understand what the

Entidad is and represents, permit me to explain. It is an organization formed to force all Anglos from this land, this land given us by Spanish kings centuries ago and acquired illegally by your people. It is our land, Mister Lambert! We intend to get it back and no laws of your corrupt government will influence us. If it takes a hundred years, we will reclaim the land for our children and their children!"

This impassioned speech astonished Evan and, unwillingly, he began to empathize with Rosabel Maes. "If I'd known, I wouldn't have come to New Mexico, but, don't you see, Senora, it was the only place I could go? The land my father left me is all I have." These words sounded too crafty so he tried to alter the impression; "I mean, if my being near you disturbs you, I could sell my land, buy other property..."

"Arrogant Anglo thinking!" Hilario's voice interrupted. "Who would sell to you? The Entidad is too powerful, Lambert. Who'd sell their land to an Anglo? Let me advise you, Lambert, get the hell out of New Mexico!"

Merlinda Maes rose from the window seat, and walked slowly to the middle of the room. She stood in front of Evan, gray eyes fixed on his. "We're warning you, sir, if you don't leave voluntarily, we cannot be responsible for what may happen." She turned to glance at Valentine. "Did you hear what I said, husband?" her harsh voice demanded. "I just told Mister Lambert he may get himself killed. Do you agree?" Valentine did not answer, but his face flushed deep red.

Getting up from the couch, Hilario stretched his tall frame, tight pants pulled in at the crotch, outlining the large cock Evan had seen in the trailer. He winked. "HOW about Jimby walking back to your place with you, Lambert?" He winked again. "He'll protect you from anyone who might take a shot at you along the road."

Along the road and again his drunken imagination projects vivid pictures of Hilario, naked and glistening as if oiled, as they walk together, the man's heavy arm on his shoulder, back to the trailer. The smell of that body in the night air, hairy armpits rancid with sweat, is maddeningly exciting, and he feels his cock, semi-hard between his legs, reacting and enlarge. He can barely walk.

In the trailer, he sits at the table, exhausted by the things whirling in his brain. Hilario stands before him, bare feet planted firmly on the vinyl floor, hips shoved out, thighs quivering, as he fondles the huge cock in his hands, grins down at him. Then, stepping forward, the Spanish-American straddles him and the chair, forces his head back, slaps the stiff cock across his face, snarling, "Eat it, Goddamn you, eat it!"

Okay, he thinks, We're making it, but what does he want? A blow-job? A rim-job? A cock up his ass? Because he's learned there are rough types like this one who get turned on by being fucked.

The hard length of cockflesh slaps his face again and Hilario, gripping it, massages skin of a violently red, spongy head until it becomes taut, glazed, shiny, as it expands in his fingers. Opening his lips, Evan tastes it, slips his tongue over the glazed skin as Hilario, breathing loudly, stares down at the mouth on his dick. "I ain't never seen no Anglo meat," he growls, reaches to squeeze the stiff lump in Evan's pants. "Yank 'er out!"

Fumbling with his fly, the stiff jump in his pants making it difficult to lower the zipper, he stares up at curiously warmer eyes, shoves the naked body away from him, rises.

With a swift, brutal jerk, Hilario rips the pants over his hips to knees, tears his shorts from him to the floor, stares at the large, swaying cock hung from a hairy groin. He begins to laugh. "Shit, you call that little thing a cock?" he says, roaring with laughter. His hand grips it, squeezes until, gasping, Evan feels blood pound in the cockhead; ooze, spurting from it, wets Hilario's palm and he shouts furiously, "Lick the cum off me, you fucking cocksucker."

The bitter taste of his own pre-coital fluid lays on his tongue, but his desires are re-aroused now that this man dominates him once more, and he submissively sinks to his knees, takes the now enormous length of cock in his mouth...

Dazed but excited by his drunken fantasy, Evan tried to speak, gulping back saliva, glanced at Antonia, then Jimby, still crouched at his mother's feet. He heard a voice echo in his mind, "Hell protect you from anyone who

might take a shot at you along the road." The Goddamn fucking arrogant bastard! Staring at Hilario, the words came at last. "Well, thanks," he said in a steadier voice, turned to look at Rosabel who ignored him. "Buenas noches," he said.

At the gate, Antonia murmured, "I'm sorry, Mister Lambert, my mother will never change. She is fiercely loyal to the Entidad, which I will never be, but there is nothing more I can do. Good night." As he walked along the rutted access road with less staggering than before, he thought, Hilario tried to force the kid to come with me, why? Jimby obviously hates me. Staring up at the stars, he knew the answer. Hilario had hoped he'd make a pass at the kid! Of course! That's the reason!

The overcharged, dramatic experience in the Maes house seemed to fire his creative processes, so he sat at the table with the last of the Scotch, the typewriter the logical way to ease tension and his fingers moved over the keys involuntarily.

"Odd how those liquid black eyes stared at him as if he were something in a zoo, yet sent blood with sudden restlessness along his veins. The boy had been friendly, more so than the others in the room, and there had been a certain, intangible something passed between them as they stared into each other's eyes."

"Am I in the Skinner Box, like rats psychologists test for pattern reactions? he wondered as his cock, long and heavy in the confining material of his pants, hardened. Striding to windows of the apartment, he stared out at the night a faint glow from the west and the ocean lighting his face. He suspected what drew him to the boy was no more than the desire to conquer, to subjugate, to hold a youthful body in his power.

Could there be more or should there be? Didn't sexual attraction and yielding to desire have its own compensations? Did differences in age matter that much?"

"Struggling with these senseless thoughts, his eyes searched the black depths outside the window glass; suddenly, as if a vision rose before him, the boy's face appeared. But no vision, the black eyes staring back at him

were real, almost as if, by stretching his hand, he could touch their glittering warmth. There came a hesitant knock on the door."

"Without words, they were in each other's arms. He tried a hard, masculine stance, hoping it might conceal the way his breathing became rapid as the boy's arms wound around his neck, a soft, moist mouth touched his cheek, 'You like my dick?' This blunt question seemed to freeze him in time, in this particular, place, refute his thoughts, waken him from stupid fantasies. 'Sure,' he said."

The feel of that hot boyish cock in his palm, after the kid's pants had been towered, was searing in his hand; his fingers, manipulating and stroking small balls in a hairless sac, moved under to a not-yet-developed seminal cord. He'd always felt a kind of disembodiment when getting to his knees before another male, as if it were an act of submission performed unwillingly, yet knew he was not unwilling. He was trembling so violently, he was certain his bony knees beat a tattoo on the bare floor. He pressed his nose to that delicious smell of young cock, slightly pungent, pleasantly unwashed. His tongue laved it and the small prick jerked to meet his mouth as hips shoved forward.

Jimby's face was superimposed on the face in his manuscript and Evan stopped punching the typewriter keys, dropped his hand between his spread legs to finger a straining bulge which had risen with images of the boy.

"Got to," he muttered, slid his cock from his pants opening. Both hands gripped the hot flesh and he masturbated until, with a loud sigh, sperm oozed over his fingers, and, knees springing apart, he stretched out flat in the chair, the long length of cock spasming in his hands. He continued to pummel the still erect cock, had a second ejaculation which splattered his belly, and, after a shower, went to bed, slept better than he had in weeks.

The next morning he telephoned Caruthers to tell him what happened in the trailer with the graders (eliminating sexual details, perhaps from shame?). The lawyer advised him to lay low, just play it cool, other half-assed suggestions. Disgustedly, he slammed the phone back on its hook, poured another cup of coffee into his pottery mug. They're alike --

Anglos or Spanish-Americans. Greedy, stupid money-grabbers! Fucking animals. The thought "animals" reminded him he's not called the veterinarian for Tazel. Shit! Gotta spend more bread on a house call --

oh, well, it's only money! -- and be dialed.

He fussed around his property and in the barn with the horse, checked constantly to be sure the animal was in no pain, the wound not festering, finally led him outside into the brilliant sunshine. Tazel neighed, rubbing a moist nose on Evan's cheek. If humans were only as loving as horses. Stroking the wet nuzzle, he offered the animal a lump of sugar.

Around two in the afternoon, a car drove in, parked, and a big, paunchy man in tan corduroys and cowboy hat waved, and strode to the corral gate.

The wound was pronounced not serious, but Tazel could not be ridden for four days. An antibiotic was injected in the leg to prevent infection, and Doc Venable agreed to a cup of coffee.

While the doctor was working over Tazel, Evan wondered if he should mention his troubles with the Maeses and that scene with the graders, but, as they sat at the trailer table, he looked at Doc Venable's shifty eyes, decided to keep his mouth shut. This man, though a fellow Anglo would likely spread the details all over town. However, Venable brought up the court trial. It was obvious everyone in town was talking anyway, so Evan said, relaxed on the plastic seat sticky with heat, "Yeah, as you know, Doc, Judge Lujan adjourned the trial for two weeks. My lawyer --

David Caruthers, know him? -- said we're lucky. Lujan might have delayed the trial for two years." Venable chuckled. "But, Goddamnit, I want the thing settled once and for all!"

The veterinarian grinned at him, smacked his lips around the coffee cup rim. "From what I hear, Lambert, you don't stand a chance no more'n a snowball in hell. I've lived in New Mexico for thirty years, came here right after the Second World War and four years of shit in the Navy. Let me give you some advice. (Another asshole telling me what to do, for chrissakes!)

Don't mess with the pricks! Unless you wanta end up in an earlier grave than you want. They've got you by the fucking balls, son."

What the doc had said was no more consoling than he'd expected but he had hoped for, at least, some form of Anglo solidarity. Goddamn!

The four days before he could ride Tazel were aimless and nerve-racking.

Without the motel night job, his usual routine now, he didn't know quite what to do with himself but only made trips to town when essential for supplies or booze. He did stop at the pottery shop to make a connection for more peyote, grumbling at the higher price, told by his friend, the potter, dreams were costly these days, man, don't give me no shit!

Returning to the trailer, he took two pellets, lay on the crumpled bed, sailed off into dusty delusions. Colors swirl and revolve, shatter; green, like diamond slivers of ice, pierces his frontal lobe, submerge to explode in dazzling points of scarlet and yellow; these disintegrate in his head to black feather tentacles which sparkle like jet, dissolve to two faces; the nameless boy of his manuscript, and Jimby. Both become sailing balloons, luminous white blobs, which fuzz to grinning masks strained purple and indigo; the purple breaks up into a running mass like grape juice; his body seems to drown.

The sailing balloons dissolve, reappear as grinning satanic masks which sail in nearer, become Jimby and the unnamed boy's faces again. They stare down at him, hollow-eyed, lips greasy as if oiled with Vaseline.

The lips open, engulf him in slime, and, gasping, he tries to shout but submits to the wetness eating him and swallowing him. Now, behind his eyelids, the brilliant colors begin to swirl once more, revolving in his brain, and a high, shrieked shout becomes a scream.

Sharp teeth tear at his flesh, rend it, as blood spurts, and he waves his legs in the air, screaming, screaming, feels teeth clamp on his cock; other teeth grip cheeks of his ass, gnaw them, and he's torn, ripped apart. A huge column of hard cockflesh jam his asshole.

The colors, as they wash over, bum and sear him; he moans with the excruciating sensations which pulsate throughout his body, feels his cock expand, become enormous, rise above his flailing legs a white tower seeming to puff smoke, spurt slimy ooze that glitters and gleams magenta, purple, turns to inky indigo, takes fire and bursts with a shower of sparks.

Now, distinctly aglow in the smoky, many colored landscape, the naked bodies of the two boys join, writhing and twisting, heads between bare thighs and tongues, elongated, oily, become leather coils of braided black, which, in turn, become snakes with darting tongues. These rise, wave in the air, hiss down at him. And, screaming, screaming, he feels Jimby clutch his balls in a vise as the nameless boy, body scaled like a serpent's, wraps himself around his waist, crushing him.

One of the darting tongues enters his rectum, slithers to his prostate, sending agonized tremors through him, then seems to wiggle up into his whole body as muscles spasm, cause him to undulate like a lizard. A hissing noise comes from his lips. The forked thing, stiffly rising between his legs, cannot be his cock, as a tiny threadlike membrane flicks from it towards his face; he smells the odor of shit. As he opens his mouth, panting and screaming, the thing darts inside, slides to his throat, and he retches violently.

Milky spurts of gism splash his face with blinding impact, fiery, hot.

His tongue slips from a bleeding mouth to lick the ejaculations from his chin. Come dissolves into feathery black tentacles that smother him.

Waking in the trailer's heat, head stuffed, stomach complaining, he staggered to the kitchen, furious with his stupidity and his need for fantasies, rammed the electric percolator plug in an outlet, stared dizzily out the window. Earlier that day, he'd seen the Maeses moving about in their crappy, junk-littered yard; a few times he'd seen someone ride off among the pinon trees. Now, the flat arid land disappeared without any movement toward the valley below; the sun blinded his eyes.

For the next two days he spent too much time numbed over the small TV

set, bored silly with stupid game shows and stupider talk shows at night, late-late movies, but he decided not to repeat the peyote remedy for his troubles, hid the junk on the top shelf of a cupboard, jerked-off instead, particularly during the Johnny Carson Hour if the grinning MC

happened to have a young actor on the program in tight pants. He amused himself lying there on the bed in the dark, only the dim light from the TV, his huge cock gripped in his fist. And, somehow, his orgasming relaxed him.

Finally, the day arrived when he could saddle Tazel. The sky was lead gray; clouds rose over distant mountains. It can't rain, can it? but he rode down into the arroyo and to hell with the rain, glad to get away from the trailer and stop moping around.

The arroyo broadened to a wider valley, hills rising on either side covered with pine and pinon trees; sides of a small canyon cut into the valley through hills stacked with rocky formations, perhaps prehistoric.

Here chemisa bushes grew six feet high, blossoms a brilliant yellow, their odors reminding him of the smell of peyote. He inhaled the smell deeply as he stared up at a gray sky. Clouds, hovering over mountains when he left, now raced overhead. If it does rain, what will you do if there's a flash flood?

As he considered this possibility and what to do in an emergency (Race for the hills? Make a run for the arroyo end near the trailer?) he saw a rider atop one of the hills. Not certain from this distance, he thought the rider might be Jimby. Tazel responded to a kick in his flank, cantered up the rise, and the two horses made communication signals.

Shielding his eyes, Evan stared at the boy. Jimby wore torn blue jeans, an open sports shirt and boots, and his head was bare. He spoke first.

"You shouldn't be out here in the country all alone, Mister Lambert.

Remember what my brothers told you?"

Evan laughed. "Why the hell not kid? This is my land." He waved a hand back in the direction of the trailer out of sight. "I can prove it, if you'd like."

Jimby frowned, then his stern, severe features relaxed very slightly and he looked his age. He smiled. "I'm not the same as my brothers, Mister Lambert. Ma wouldn't understand... I hadda con her, you dig? Your quarrel with my father is none of my business."

"You mean, you don't hate me, want to be friends?"

"All that stuff about who owns the land turns me oft man. Shit, soon as I finish college, I'm leaving anyway, go to California. You're from California, aren't you, Mister Lambert? Know any movie stars like Elvis Presley?"

"Never had the pleasure, kid. I didn't live in Hollywood, and those movie stars are not easy to meet. Where you riding?"

"I don't know, just riding. You going any place in particular?"

"No." Tazel jerked his head and Evan patted the animal's sleek white neck. "Want to ride together?" He glanced up at the sky. "Got any suggestions what we should do in case of rain?"

Large, soft-black eyes stared at him. "Ain't gonna rain. If it does, you're a damn good rider. I've watched you." The eyes slid to Evan's legs straddling the horse and a large lump in tight cords. "For an Anglo, you sit a saddle real neat." He struck his horse with the bridle, kicked its side and, waving his arm, shouted, "Come on, I'll race you across the arroyo!"

His quickened breathing with the thought the kid had made an obvious pass sexually did not improve his riding, but he clung to the saddle and, when they galloped up the opposite bill through pine trees, he was really breathing very hard and with difficulty. At the top of the rise, a large meadow spread out before them with grasses and wild flowers, odd for the dry parched ground of New Mexico this time of year. Reining in Tazel, he glanced at the boy. Jimby's eyes danced with amusement. "Wow, Mister Lambert, that was a groove!" and, kicking his horse, he shouted again,

"Come on!"

"Hold it, kid!" Evan shouted. "I'm not as young as you, for chrissakes!"

Gotta catch my damn breath first." Sliding from the saddle, he leaned against Tazel's flank, wiped perspiration from his forehead. Then, tossing the bridle over the animal's head, he squatted in the deep grass, took a package of cigarettes from his pocket, lit one.

Walking the horse slowly back, the boy leaned down to him. "You shouldn't smoke, Mister Lambert. My brother says it's bad for your health and at your age..."

"Knock that off. I'm not that much older. Twenty-four. You're nineteen, right?"

The face leaning down became serious. "Right, but I don't dig your calling me kid." He jumped from the saddle, placed the bridle carefully on his horse's neck, squatted beside Evan. "I'll make a deal. You don't call me kid, I'll call you Evan."

Grinning, the cigarette hung from his lower lip, he gripped the boy's hand. "Deal, Jimby." Fingers in his palm were hot, and he held them as long as he dared, his breath once more becoming rapid as he stared into those luminous, moist black eyes, felt awkward with that look of complete innocence. "Uh... Jimby? I... uh I like you very much." He gave the boy a quick glance to see how he'd react, saw a slow sly smile curve red lips.

"Okay, Evan," Jimby said, "I know what you want."

The fingers in his palm now moved with a caressing gesture as the large black eyes peered at him from sleepy lids. "And, if you was wondering if I'd like what you plan, all I gotta say is it beats jerking off."

Reaching into Evan's shirt pocket for the cigarette package, he lighted one, lay on the grass, went on in a lazy tone of voice, "guy at school --

you dig, one of my teachers gets turned on by my cock, and I ain't as dumb as I look, Evan. This dude blows me and, when he does, I make sure he passes my exams, follow? Wouldn't you?" Curling smoke from his nose gave that young face the look of crafty wisdom as the boy glanced at Evan from the corners of his eyes. "You're gonna ask me if I fool around with this john, too, right?" He laughed. "Well, that depends, see? Like sometimes I just let him suck me... he calls it 'doing me for trade', know what that means?" and he chuckled. "Hell, I pop my nuts three or four times and, man, can he suck good. This dude's got a monster cock hangin' between his damn legs, believe me. Now I ain't never took that thing in my mouth, I swear I never, but I played with it enough. Shit, I ain't never seen anything like it!" He shifted closer to Evan, eyes half-closed, and went on in an insinuatingly alluring voice.

"You know something? When a dude has a big whang like that, what can he do with the damn thing? Sure as hell no cunt's gonna take it, right? This guy, this teacher I got, likes to show off, dig? I mean, when I get to his pad, he's already bare-ass naked, walks around there with that monster cock swingin' back and forth. It's got a head on it the size of a Goddamned football!" Laughing, he puffed on the cigarette, glanced at Evan to see how he'd reacted to this lurid tale, lay back in the grass raising his hips to show a bulge in his crotch, then continued.

"Now, this dude, see? He knows a young guy like me ain't gonna do nothin' with that whang, but he wants me to play with the damn thing. Like I said, I played with the fucker plenty! Man, I'm telling you, feel of that dick in my hands I don' like at all -- it's weird, creepy! -- but I do what he wants if he's gonna okay my exam papers, dig?"

Feeling his cock in the tight, confining cord fabric of his pants harden with his erotic story, Evan looked from the corner of his eye down at the boy's crotch to see that he, too, had a lump in his jeans, but, deciding not to interrupt, to let Jimby talk himself into a heat of passion, he murmured, "And this guy blows you. You like that okay, don't you?"

Jimby sat up. "Wow! Like I told you, it sure beats jerking off! You know something, this dude takes my dick and my balls in his mouth at the same

time. How about that?" Lying back on the grass again, he ran his hand down to the bulge in his jeans, stroked it, then went on.

"Yeah he undresses me... that's his thing, see? Real slow like, you know, a piece of my clothes, then another, usually my shirt first my shoes and socks, jeans, and since I don' wear no underwear, there the Goddamn cock is for him to look at, dig? He begins to lick me all over. Shit, I don'

mind that, because it makes me hornier, but while he's doin' this he's pawin' me, you know, my meat, under by balls -- oh, and he likes to lick them, too, man, and my asshole! That really turns me on! Just thinkin' of them wet lips and tongue on my asshole makes me wanta blow my mind, dig?"

Squirming, the boy shifted on the grass as if pretending to hide an embarrassing hard object in his jeans, then went on in a panting voice,

"How many times you shpt your wad in one day, Evan? Ain't never counted, I guess, but I could do it ten or more times, I bet! This dud says he digs me 'cause I'm a horny little guy," and Jimby laughed. "Okay. I'm horny but ain't all guys my age horny? You ever sucked off a kid -- I mean, a guy my age?"

"Uh... well, I guess you wouldn't ask if it weren't important. Sure I have, why?" His cock dripped pre-coital fluid in his Jockeys and Evan wondered how much longer he could endure this torture.

"I mean, do you dig guys my age?" The boy chuckled, turned liquid-black eyes to stare at Evan. "What's so great about young guys? I'd think you older gents would go for guys your age, with big pricks like this teacher-dude."

Even knowing this whole conversation was planned to arouse him, force a first move, he controlled his urge to grab the kid, rip off his clothes and fuck his mouth, said easily, "That's dumb. What the fuck has age got to do with anything?"

As Jimby laughed, a warm thigh touched Evan's. "You know something? When I shoot my wad, this guy swallows the stuff? Shit, I know nobody

gets babies swallowing, but won't that goop make a guy puke?" and he chuckled, added, "Not this dude! Man, he gobbles it up like it's strawberry ice cream." His voice was now breathless, face flushed, with the erotic images he talked about, and he squirmed narrow hips, wagged his neat little ass deeper in the grass. "What does jizz taste like, Evan?"

"Like strawberry ice cream. Why don't you find out for yourself sometime?" He held his breath, wondered if he'd gone too far, if what he'd said might anger the boy.

Jimby chuckled. "I never sucked a dick, never." He made an ugly face, spitting as if to rid himself of an unpleasant taste. "I don't gotta suck this dude. I told you that, didn't I? And I let the bastard blow me as often as he wants to. Hell, who wouldn't?" The boy inched closer to Evan, a warm thigh pressed to his.

"Hey, Evan. You got a big one? Wanta show it to me, huh?" The body pressed to Evan's thighs wiggled, then Jimby went on, "Man, when that dude wraps his thick lips around my cock, I don't never want him to stop.

Do you know why queers dig eating each other? Seems..."

He took the boy roughly in his arms; as Jimby's head lay on a shoulder, he touched the full red lips hesitantly, not knowing how he'd react to a kiss and, feeling the immature but muscular body quiver, he opened the lips with his tongue, and, shifting his hand to the open shirt, unfastened its buttons to the waist, jerked the shirttails from his jeans, and the lips opened wider to suck in his tongue. With a swift movement, Jimby opened the top grommet of his jeans, the zipper, shoved the frayed material to his knees. He wore no underwear, was naked, and Evan shifted his eyes to that enticing boy-cock.

Not large, but beautifully shaped, it had an exposed wet head the color of walnut shell, the rigidly erect cockflesh a dusky pole. "You like it?"

Jimby whispered. Leaning forward, Evan jerked off the confining jeans over boots, removed the sport shirt from Jimby's trembling shoulders, and now the boy lay completely naked. Hands on his crotch and zipper fumbled;

fingers touched his hot skin and damp pubic hairs under the Y-front of his Jockeys. "Jimby, Christ, Jimby," he panted. "Take those things off."

The words, said in a hissing tone of voice, excited him unbearably; he snaked cords and Jockeys down to his knees, raised to pull them further, his cock like a rock, pulsating and spasming on his belly. The boy touched it, drew his hand back, then caressed it as Evan shuddered.

"Hell, you got a bigger one than that dude Prof," Jimby muttered.

Pants and Jockeys removed now, he lay on top of the other naked body and its warmth, a smaller erect cock moving against his belly, its head dripping hot ooze. His mouth still clamped to those full red ups, Evan moaned, dizzy with passion, slid down quickly to take the smaller cock in his lips as Jimby's body heaved upward and he shouted, "Jesus!" Evan stroked small balls in a hairless sac, caressed a swollen seminal cord, heard the boy groan. He shifted, leaned on an elbow to stare at that beautiful, contorted face under him, remembering his own reaction to someone sucking him when he was the same age, his desire to hold back an ejaculation so the sensations would last forever. "I'm going to swallow you," he muttered, leaning forward again; closed eyelids snapped open.

Jimby said, "Go ahead, man, blow me!"

He knelt between spread thighs, took the wet cock in his ups, sank down further until his nose pressed to soft tendrils of black hair; balls, tight in their sac, quivered on his chin. As hands clutched at the hair on his head, then gripped his ears hard, with a loud, keening shout Jimby orgasmed. As he swallowed the thick come, Evan pressed his face further into that yielding, delicious body and the belly jerked as legs clamped to his head. A second surge of come filled his throat and, with his ejaculation, as rich and sweet as the first, his cock poured milky sperm over his thigh, and, moaning with this orgasm, hips jerking up and down, he lay, finally, nose pressed to that boyish crotch, inhaled the wonderful odors of that body.

The body shifted, raised, then, crouching beside him, naked thighs straddled his face and knees sank to the grass; the boy's hot ass was pressed to Evan's nose; a panting voice muttered, "Lick me, damnit, lick me!" Odors filled his

mouth and nostrils as he tongued the brown pucker of Jimby's asshole, tasting the musky flavor of shit, spread asscheeks wide, as Jimby squirmed arid wiggled his hips. Evan wound his arms around the squatted thighs, gripped the soft cock between them, felt it jerk as he began to masturbate it, heard the boy's moans. The hot asshole in his lips quivered and opened to permit his tongue to slide in deeper, and he licked it rapidly as he continued to masturbate the now-hardened rod, his own cock once more rigid and dripping with fluid.

The voice above him hissed, "Suck, suck, suck," and hips spasming, a hand gripped the rigid cock in a firm fist, pummeled it up and down as the voice went on hissing, "Suck, suck, suck." As the hand moved more rapidly on his now painfully hard flesh, his tongue glued to the quivering brown pucker of the asshole, the body over him plunged down shuddering and a splatter of come fell on his forehead. He opened his mouth, shouted, as his cock foamed over with sperm onto his naked belly.

Grass scratchy on his back, he stared up at Jimby, who now stood fastening the jeans. Black eyes looked down at him coldly. Then the boy strode to his horse, flung a leg over the saddle, remounted. "Come on, Mister Lambert, it's gonna rain."

Laughing to himself, he got into the cords and shirt, walked to Tazel.

Okay, okay, what'd you expect, love, far chrissakes? From the corner of his eyes, he thought he saw another figure on horseback at the top of a rise. He turned his head, shielded his eyes. Whoever had been there vanished behind a screen of pine trees. Evan glanced at Jimby. "You see anything over there, kid?"

"You're crazy!" the boy said scoffingly, heeled his horse and galloped off. However, instinctively, Evan knew he'd seen one of the Maes brothers. Which? How much did he see?

When they reached the trailer, Evan panting for breath, Jimby jerked his horse's head around, stood in the stirrups. "Your age, Mister Lambert, should take it easy with sex and horses. Might have a heart attack, you

dig?" and whipping the horse with his bridle, he cantered in the direction of the Maes' houses.

Evan tethered Tazel in the corral, filled the feed and water boxes, set the animal loose again, locked the gate. Inside the trailer as he poured coffee into a mug, he wondered which brother had been watching him and the boy roll naked in the grass.

"So, the kid set you up, right? If that was Hilario, you just kissed any chance of ever winning that trial good-bye!" He sat at the table, sipped coffee, eyes on the arroyo outside the window and beyond. Fuck the sonovabitch! He shivered slightly, gulped down the hot liquid, the thought of what the Spanish-American might do to him causing his sex-soft cock to harden.

CHAPTER FOUR

He did not see Jimby, either on horseback or tinkering with the mess of mutilated autos in the Maes yard, for a week, tried to forget the scene in the grassy meadow with work on his land, the barn, the trailer mending rusty barbed-wire fences in the arroyo; rebuilding the corral split-rails. He found the nail Tazel had torn his leg on, mashed it savagely with a hammer cursing Spanish-American inefficiency. He repainted the trailer walls pale blue and navy trim in the kitchen section; ripping out the offensive rose-patterned vinyl, he replaced it with black and white congoileum tiles. Satisfied with his effort and the clean, masculine look of his house on wheels, he sat naked at the table, a mug of coffee in his hand.

Muscles ached with this unfamiliar labor but he felt more relaxed, more at peace with himself. At least, he'd been able to void the boy from his mind. Momentarily, anyway. Now, as he sipped the coffee, he remembered smooth skin the color of pale chocolate, large black orbs which had seemed to warm when they met his eyes, that dusky length of boyish dick, the feel and taste of it in his mouth.

Sighing, he fingered the head of his cock on the plastic chair pad. So, dumbbell, all the kid wanted was to get his rocks off! At nineteen, what else did you want, for chrissakes?

He rose, washed the mug under the tap, stuck it in a dish rack following his new resolve to be neat strode to the bath deciding he'd shower, then drive to town for more supplies, thought about the stash of peyote on the cupboard top shelf. Shit, don't mess up! Keep your damn head straight for the kid! For the kid? and he laughed. Forget the flute bastard! He gulped back saliva, licked dry lips. But, if not Jimby, what is there for you?

Stepping into the narrow cubicle, he turned on the shower, whistling loudly as he laved his body with soap. The lubricous feel of the soap on his exposed cockhead caused its shaft to expand. Fisting it and sliding fingers over glazed skin, he considered if an orgasm would bring him down, cool him off and ease tension. A tingle in his balls was almost unbearable as he

continued to soap the squirming cock, and, jerking his face back to permit water to pour down on him, he slid a hand under to stroke slippery balls. Jimby, damn you, Jimby!

Feet placed wide apart, body arched, cock throbbing in his fist, he furiously pummeled it, then, grabbing the hot knob switched to cold, let icy water pound him, and shivering, cock still rigid, turned the cold off completely, hopped from the stall. As he toweled, he thought he heard the screen door slam, went on drying himself, tossed the towel into a plastic hamper, patted a dripping length of less-hard flesh muttered, "Down, boy." I strode on bare feet to the front section and kitchen.

"Hello, Evan."

He stared at Jimby, seated at the table with a perforated can of beer before him. "Hi, kid," I glanced at the hanging softer flesh between his thighs. "Uh... have a beer," and he walked to the frig, took out a can, punched the tin top with an opener. "What's new? How's old Hilario and the rest of the family? Mean as ever?"

Evan was conscious of the way Jimby's eyes fastened to his cock, now beginning to harden once more. "I want to talk to you. It's very important," the boy said.

What the hell is this talk? "Well, okay, you're here, let's talk." He sat on the chair across the table from the boy to hide that enlarging cock muscle, raised the frothy can to his lips. "Okay kid, talk."

"We made a deal. You said you wouldn't call me kid."

"Excuse me... Jimby."

"Right."

They stared at each other. The boy was silent, shifted his eyes to the beer can on the table. "Will you take me back to California with you, Evan?"

"Back? I didn't realize I was going there."

The black eyes raised to his. "My brothers said you're leaving soon."

"Okay, but how the hell do they know that if I don't?"

"What they mean is, you're not happy here in New Mexico, want to go back to California. I thought, since we're friends, you'd take me with you."

"Rosabel and old Nemecio? Talked this over with them?"

The boy stared directly at him. "You liked sucking my dick, didn't you, Evan?"

He laughed. "One thing I can say for you, Jimby, you can be brutally frank. Sure, I liked blowing you, had a ball, why not?"

"If I blow you, too, will you take me to California?"

"Kid, kid, that don't have nothing to do with it."

Jimby blurted angrily, "Damn you, I said don't call me kid!"

He tried to level his voice, speak as emotionlessly as he could. "Look, I like you, but, hell, that doesn't mean you and me are... doesn't mean you and me are, uh... lovers, does it?" Noticing the way the boy's black wing-shaped eyebrows frowned in a heavy scowl, Evan went on hurriedly,

"Shit, just because I sucked you off doesn't mean..."

"I ain't dumb," Jimby interrupted. "Somebody told you I was a retarded kid, didn't they?" and he scowled again. "Somebody did! I can see it in your eyes! I ain't retarded, I'm a man, and I know what I want."

"Seems to me I recall someone mentioning the fact, but that doesn't have nothing to do with anything either. I can't take you to California without your parents' consent, Jimby." Ignoring him, Jimby went on, "Know why Mama and Daddy sent me to that school for retarded kids? It's a better school than most Spanish-Americans go to, that's why!" The black eyes staring at Evan were once again dull, lifeless. "Anglos like you think us

Spanish-Americans got it good, don't you? That's a lie! We take the shit from you and, like Mama says, you been fucking us too long!"

With his anger, the boy rose from his chair. "You're not better than the other finks, the rest of the Anglos! I thought you were my friend!"

Evan grabbed Jimby's arms, spun him around, shook him roughly. "Shut up!

Goddamnit, I love you, kid! Why the fuck say stuff like that?" He felt the warmth of the body in his arms, saw the full red lips pout slightly, kissed them. "Kid, kid, I said I love you!"

In heat of the bedroom section, they lay naked on the bed, arms and legs entwined. Evan ran palms over that smooth skin into damp pubes, touched the small, spasming cock, gripped it in his fingers. The boy whispered in his ear, "Let me suck you," and Evan embraced that youthful body, the small cock hardening on his belly, cupped a sac and balls in his hand, moved his other hand to prod an ass opening gently. "If I let you fuck me, can I go to California?" the voice whispered.

Raising to stare down at that beautiful face, his eyes went over a mop of black curls, the wet head of the cock in his fist, and, bending over, he took the cock in his mouth. Jimby arched up high on the bed, then, curving in to press his face to Evan's crotch, he opened his lips over the straining dick. Hard flesh in Evan's mouth jerked on its roof as Jimby's hips spasmed. Stretching the cock out full length, Evan caressed its hot head with his tongue, and Jimby did the same as if he'd learned by imitation. They rolled in the bed, fell, still clasped in a sixty-nine, to the floor. Passion increased by the erotic position, Evan swallowed the hard prick as his own cock seemed to burst with the wiggling of his hips on the cool vinyl.

The smell of the boy's body was sweet, a feathery touch of pubic hair on his nose exciting. He sucked the cock in his lips, stroking it with his saliva-drenched tongue as the boy whimpered and quivered under him. With a ferocious gulp, Jimby sank deeper on Evan's cock as a gurgling, choked noise came from his lips, and, jerking his pelvis back to relieve, pressure. Evan thought how unnecessary it was for him to have another suck him, his only desire to make love to the object of his passions; but at the same time,

the mouth licking his cock, seeming to have learned skill, caused pent-up gism in his balls to rise and the skin of his cockhead to vibrate hotly.

The muffled, gurgling noises between his legs grew louder as Jimby writhed, heels pounding the floor. Evan's cock was now enormously swollen in the boy's mouth, his balls snugly tight against his underbelly. Jimby raised up high, legs trembling, shoved his cock further into Evan's mouth, deeper in his gullet, and, with his own muffled shouting and gurgling over the boy's cock, he orgasmed. Jimby's cock erupted, a thick stream of come shooting from it. Panting and salivating over the come-drenched member, as had happened before in the meadow, a second surge of sperm welded the cock hotly to his mouth. Evan's cock slipping from his lips, Jimby shouted, "Suck me again, oh, Jesus, suck me again!"

Mouth still gluey with come, he forced the boy's legs back over his head, leaned to plunge his tongue into a hot asshole, licked it. As he tasted shit, he ground his tongue to the pucker, inhaled its scent, sucked the quivering ring of muscle. Spreading his asscheeks wide to meet that punishing tongue, the boy yelled, "Evan, oh, Jesus, Evan!" The rigid flesh pressed hard to Evan's forehead erupted a third time, splattering his hair, and, panting, he shifted to lick the last drops from the boy's belly, slumped over that warm, smooth body, and they lay, face to crotch, for a long time on the black and white tile.

Sitting up, Evan kissed red lips, tasting his own come, wound muscular arms around the boy, held him tightly. "Jimby, Jimby, Jimby." The young body remained limp in his arms as outside the trailer he heard Tazel neigh, the distant sound of a car motor. A bee hummed against the window screen. The boy finally unwound the arms, sat on haunches staring down at him, his cock trailing on the black and white tiles. "You gonna take me to California?"

He stared at that beautiful face. "Sure, sure." Soon as the trial's over, why not? he wondered. Then, what about Rosabel and Hilario? (It was odd the way; as the last name entered his mind, his cock began to harden again -- that brutal, macho face!) "We'll talk about that another time, okay?" Frowning, the boy got into his clothes rather sullenly. Evan tried to

persuade him to stay, have something for lunch, but Jimby insisted he had to go home, slipped from the screen door.

As he sat alone at the table with another lousy peanut-butter sandwich, a can of warm beer, his hand reached toward the typewriter; crumpled sheets of yellow paper were still on the trailer floor where he'd tossed them angrily the day before.

Might just as well admit, idiot, you're never going to write the Great American Novel. No chance! You're on a one-track line with no return!

Reaching down, he retrieved several of the crumpled sheets, spread them flat on the table, began to read.

"Is the purpose for oral copulation a primitive urge to engorge another's sex symbol, the symbol of fertility and super-maleness, to glut oneself on another's seed?"

"In any discussion of this form of intercourse, the fact that semen contains all necessary vitamins and minerals for life (it is life!) is carefully side-stepped. Biologists would be the logical defenders of the theory but, being prudish and basically square, they remain silent."

"Homosexuals, themselves, have their own theories, cults, fetishes, about sexual differences among them. Then, is it right to assume men of other persuasions would be more literate?"

"Item: Some gay people claim anal intercourse is 'more manly', consider sucking a cock beneath contempt. Yet in flicks and novels if the author wants to describe a scene 'unmanning' a character, anal rape is always used. The classic example comes to mind: the brutish 'buggering' of a character in the movie version of Joyn Dickey's Deliverance. And, how many times is the derisive remark heard."

He takes it up the ass.

"The Creator, whichever name is used for this mystery, meant human beings to be loving, the manner in which they love unimportant, as long as

they do not seek to destroy each other. Expressions of love take all forms, even the agony of pain. As the Marquis de Sade says, 'Up to the present time, no one has in fact dared to say what is sexually normal or not or whether it is even possible to speak of either a sexual or moral norm.'

The Marquis may have been a cynic but always spoke, with devastating honesty. However, it is to be wondered if present-day practitioners of his debauched form of sex truly understand his meaning. Nature is the devourer.

He tossed the sheets to the floor again, stared at the window over the table and a sky so blue it hurt his eyes. Face it, dummy, you can't take the kid to California! Was there a hidden meaning in Jimby's insistence; had the brothers put the boy up to it, another way to scare me off? and he thought of the lone rider on the hill near the meadow.

Footsteps crunched on the sandy sail outside the trailer. Evan turned his head to see three faces looking in at him through the screen door, said, calmly, "Come in, gentlemen."

Hilario and Valentine pushed the screen open, walked into the room; Scott Michaels, behind them, seemed reluctant to enter, and Hilario said over a shoulder, "Come on in, you fucking sissy, we need you as witness."

Standing over Evan, Hilario placed large hands palms down on the table, shoved his face in close. "Now..." and hard black eyes stared at him, "we know what you and Jimby done." He laughed. "We don't give a shit, the kid's a horny little bastard, but that don't give you the right to cop his joint. He's under age, you follow?" He turned to stare at his brother. "Child molester, right, Val?"

Valentine muttered, "Mister Lambert, you shouldn't have done that to the kid."

Evan glanced at Scott as he came into the room, stood shifting weight from one booted foot to the other as if embarrassed. "You in on this, too, Scott? You three trying to make me cut out?" The red-haired man nodded his head.

A hand gripped his shoulder roughly. "We don't have time to argue this seduction bit. Jimby told us details, see?" Hilario leaned closer, grinned broadly. "You're gonna call that fink lawyer and tell him to call off the trial."

"Fuck you!"

The blow rocked him and his eyeballs seemed to spin; his head snapped back against the chair as he stared up at swarthy, grinning features.

Reaching down, Hilario gripped Evan's flaccid cock on the plastic chair pad, wrenched it. "If you don't pal, you won't have no filthy cock left for nobody to suck, you Anglo pervert!" He struck Evan again, stepped back from the table, said contemptuously, "My brother and me oughta make you swing on our dicks like them graders done, but damn if I want any sloppy Anglo mouth sucking me!" Grinning at Valentine, he added, "Hey you want a blow job?" When the older brother shook his head, Hilario yelled at Scott, "How about you, sissy?"

Scott stood staring down at Evan's naked body as if transfixed, pale-blue eyes wide. Striding to him, Hilario jerked his pants open, pulled them to knees, tore his Jockeys to expose curly red pubes, a large sausage of white skin, and, laughing, swiveled to Evan, shouted, "How about this meat, Anglo?" Dragging Scott, he shoved forward. The man stumbled into Evan's perspiring face; a naked midsection pressed to his nose. Hilario snarled, "Go on, you fucking fairy, suck it!"

Valentine muttered, "He'll call the lawyer. Lay off!"

Dangling, warm skin at his nose moved, enlarging, stiffened; the small opening at the tip of its head oozed milky fluid. The red-haired man said in a low voice, "Don't let them make you do it." Staring dizzily at the huge length of cock, Evan shifted his eyes to Hilario, who leaned to stare at him. Scott was pushed roughly and the cock, hot and pungent-smelling, slid against his lips. Hilario strode behind the chair, gripped his jaw, forced his lips open, shouted to Valentine, "Ram the Goddamn cock in!" Grabbing Scott's waist, the older brother shoved and the cock spread Evan's lips, sank deep in his throat.

Fingers, gripping the back of his neck, impaled him onto the rigid pole of cockflesh; a hot taste of raunchy skin filled him and he gagged; hands jerked him further onto the cock as Hilario grunted, "I said eat it, you fucking pervert!" He heard a loud gasp as the body rammed to his face squirmed, convulsed, and hairy balls bounded on his chin. Now, as he struggled, tried to shove the body back, a second hot dick touched the skin of his face. Hilario had quickly dropped his pants, and held an enormous cockshaft in his thick fingers, masturbating. Evan saw Valentine's flushed face lean down, peer at him, an excited exclamation:

"Jesus Christ!" Light-brown eyes came in closer and the voice breathed,

"My God!"

"Shut up, sissy." Hilario snarled, shoved his brother aside, the cock in his hand hot on Evan's cheek. "Give it to him!" he yelled at Scott, who pulled back, his cock flopping from Evan's lips. As Hilario shouted again, thick, mucous gism creamed Evan's face, ran down over his cheek, pooled at the base of his throat.

"That's enough!" Valentine's voice echoed in his head as he slumped onto the table. Zipping his fly, Hilario strode to Scott, jerked him around.

"You stay here; you prick. Can't have nothing happen to this fucking Anglo, not yet, anyways." Evan was dimly conscious of the screen door slamming. Shit, why try to fight it anymore? Yet, he was surprised by the pleasant sensations warming him.

Scott's trembling voice said, "I'm sorry, Mister Lambert. I couldn't stop them sooner. I think it would be wise for you to do as they ask." Evan was barely conscious of someone moving around the trailer room, of a cupboard door squeaking on its hinges, of liquid being poured into a glass. "Here," Scott's voice instructed.

He found the glass blindly, gulped all the liquor down, tried to avoid looking at Scott. What do you say to a guy who's just had his dick shoved unwillingly in your face? Helluva whang you got there, pal? Holding the jelly glass out for a refill, he heard liquid poured into it sucked at the Scotch

eagerly. The liquor, firing his belly, spread through his nervous system; relaxing and calming his trembling muscles. You liked what those two brutes did to you! Oh, Jesus! As he wiped at dribbles of come on his cheek, Evan raised his eyes.

The red-haired man sat across the table. "You figured me, didn't you?"

Scott said, then added with a smile, "What I mean is, you were on to me, weren't you?" Evan nodded. "And what you're likely wondering is why am I married to Antonia, right?" He turned to stare out the window at an orange and scarlet sunset. "I took advantage of a good thing, Evan. You see, she will inherit this land, not Hilario or Valentine." His pale-blue eyes switched back to Evan. "It's a Spanish tradition. Inheritance goes to the matriarchal line. If you want the truth, it wasn't easy for me to decide to marry Antonia. I have a reputation around this town with Spanish-American kids. What do you do if you are turned on by young cock?" and he smiled again. "Jimby... well, you must know what I mean...

oh, not that I ever made a pass at the boy. At least, I have that much respect for his sister. She and I... have sex occasionally, but it does nothing for me, not as much as sex with a man does, if you understand what I mean. One of life's mysteries."

"Right," he muttered numbly, sipped the Scotch. "Yeah, I know what you mean." Why is he telling me this?

Rising, Scott moved to the cupboard, took out a jelly glass, filled it with Scotch, reseated himself at the table. As he raised the glass, he muttered, "To you, Mister Lambert." Then he said, "No matter what the Maes tell me, I think you're an all right guy. But I have to confess, when those two stripped me and shoved my cock in your face, I wanted you to suck it desperately," and he grinned. "I dug you the first time we saw each other but I'd never force anyone to do that to me! Thank God, Valentine, who is not as evil as his brother, stopped it." Draining the glass of Scotch, he glanced across the table. "Was the prospect that unpleasant?"

"No." The smell and size of that enormous cock came to mind and he smiled back at the pale-blue eyes. "No, it wasn't."

"If I told you, Lambert, I am very fond of you, even knowing I prefer young cock, would you believe me?"

"Okay, I believe you."

"I'd like to make love to you sometime, does that shock you?"

"No."

Scott fumbled in his shirt pocket, took out cigarettes, fired one with a gold lighter, placed it on the table; then, turning around to the counter behind him, he switched on a small radio. "Don't want to upset you. I do that because someone might be listening outside this trailer." He swiveled around on the plastic chair pad, stared at Evan. "I think there is something you should know." Volume surging, the radio sang.

"Young bird flying, Soft winds blowing, Walking barefoot by a stream..."

In Evan's mind he sees the meadow, Jimby's dusky face, the warm red mouth, as the Glen Yarborough song continues.

"And the grass won't pay no mind..." and he lies on scratchy grass under his naked back, Jimby smiling, and in another part of his brain he murmured, "Jimby, Jimby, Jimby," on a black and white tile floor.

He is kneeling to place ups to the boy's ass as Jimby crawls on hands and knees over the floor to retrieve discarded jeans and shirt, tastes again the sweet but raunchy flavor of his skin, encloses a small hanging sac with his mouth, sucks it.

Turning around to stare, Jimby smiles, lifts a leg to permit him to swallow the hardening cock, and he feels it jerk in his mouth, the touch of delicate downy pubes on his nose. The boy, easing back onto the tiles, raises his legs, shoves the mouth sucking him, forces it to asscheeks spread wide apart, rams the mouth to a brown pucker.

He penetrates the pucker deeply, plunges his tongue in until lips, sucking the crinkled surface, feel the cheeks of that beautiful ass contract

spasmodically as he licks and a heavy sac and jerking balls bound on his chin.

It seems impossible the boy can orgasm again after so many ejaculations but as the young body under him begins to squirm and toss on the black-and-white tiles, came rises from those bounding balls on his chin, expands a tensed seminal cord; then, with a loud shout, the boy spurts thick juice in his mouth, moans, writhing and legs pawing the air. He swallows the orgasm lovingly, kisses a delicately haired boy, raises to state down at Jimby.

Scott was saying in a low voice, "... the boy has always been a retarded child. Of course, Rosabel and Nemecio deny it, will not talk about it to anyone, but I discussed Jimby with his school teachers, the school for retarded children where he went until recently. The teachers said he had the brain of a child ten years old."

"What did you say?" Blood receding from his forehead left it clammy.

"WHAT THE HELL DID YOU SAY?"

"That is what I wanted to tell you, Evan. It's dangerous for you to continue seeing the boy. Doctors tell his parents that his poor tortured brain can cause the boy to do something violent. Rosabel and Nemecio prefer to believe he'll grow out of this."

"I don't believe you."

"I understand why. Jimby has a way, like all mentally ill people, of convincing those around him he is quite normal. I think he may even know there is something wrong with him, is, perhaps, frightened. However, chances of his doing something dreadfully irrational are not lessened by his fear, but increased. Do you see?"

Evan muttered dully, "He told me about the school for retarded children, said when he finishes college he wants to go to California."

"Jimby is a beautiful boy but the danger is Rosabel and his father, who permit him to do anything he wants to. Now, his brothers seem to understand this danger, try to protect Jimby -- which may or may not have prompted the scene in this trailer. In my opinion, Hilario and Valentine, brutish as they are, are more interested, sincerely, in stopping the court trial than concerned over the kid brother's sexual antics."

"Then I'll telephone Caruthers." Evan rose from the chair, went to the wall phone. "It's finished. I've had it now." As he reached for the instrument he heard an odd sound outside the window, jerked his face around to stare at the screen door, glanced at Scott Michaels. "What the hell was that?"

Scott punched out the cigarette, walked quickly to the door, said over a shoulder, "Someone was listening to our conversation." Behind the man's tall, silhouetted body in the doorway, Evan could see a dark sky, a faint rim on the horizon of pinkish-orange. Where did Jimby go? Was he outside listening? Had he really kidded himself he loved the boy or was it real?

Had he ever really thought he and Jimby would escape?

The voice from the doorway said, "Don't telephone your lawyer, Evan, don't let those brutes scare you away." Scott turned, walked back to the table. "I'm sorry to have been the one to tell you about the boy if there is anything I can do to help you, testify for you at the trial, just let me know." He gripped Evan's shoulders hard, then turned, walked to the door, stepped outside into darkness.

Slumping against the wall phone, he wondered at his reaction to what Scott had told him. If he loved the boy, as he thought he did, why should this change anything? Then was he as much of a fake human being as everyone else? It seemed as though he stood for hours staring down at the tiles on the floor.

He is sitting in the elaborately furnished living room of his father's house, his mother in a large armchair across the room weeping. He suspects the act is a put-on, watches her disgustedly, yet is surprised by the fact he misses his father, as if not seeing that tall, overly masculine body stamp around his room left an emptiness in space.

He wonders why he cannot weep, like his mother, stares at her, revolted by this display of emotion. She opens watery eyes, sits more erect in the armchair, looks at him.

"Did you know, Evan, your father and I never wanted to have any children, and does that baffle you, dear?" The dry eyes stare at him coldly. "With him gone, I thought you should know. I'm certain he would have approved."

"Very well, Mother, what do you want from me? That I run screaming from this room? And why do you tell me this now?"

"Why, because I am just being honest," she says irritably, glares at him.

"I submitted to your father's beastly advances only because I knew it was expected of me. Is that not being honest?"

He thinks. Yes, honest and cruel and a fake, that's what you are!

As he runs outside the house and down the steps to the beach, he is thinking furiously. Goddamn, Goddamn! I hate her, the bitch!

Striding along an edge of surf, he kicks at stones, digs hands into his pockets, vows to himself he'll get even with the cold, heartless woman sitting up there in that stupid house! With these feelings of self pity, he does not notice five darker shadows following, until he hears a rough voice mutter, "Get him."

The five overpower him easily -- he does not struggle much -- tear his clothes off, hold him supine on the sand. One, panting from the brief fight, unzips his fly, drops to his knees, grabs Evan's head, dangling a semi-hard cock, mutters, "Boy, you gonna suck us off but this sonovabitch first," and the cock is shoved to his lips.

Unresisting, he sucks, feels the cockshaft become rigid in his mouth. The others raise him up, roll the man he's sucking under him, turn him over, exposing cheeks of his ass. A finger rams his asshole and he hears the men laugh as he moans around the cock spreading his lips, then a large dick

plugs him. The three others squat down in the sand for a better look, and he hears words muttered like, "Hurry, you guys, our turn next!"

Hips, as they pummel him, quivering, beat the rigid cock into him faster as a hairy sac flops against his ass. The man fucking him shouts, grips him by the waist, yells, "Christ!" and he's inundated with a hot flood of thick come; the man slides off onto the sand. At the same moment, his mouth is filled with an orgasm which chokes him.

The men roll him on his back again. One forces his legs up high over his head, lifting his ass, as another, squatting on his face, rams a large length of cock to his nose. The man holding his legs roughly says in a laughing voice, "Old man Lambert's kid sure's got sweet buns." A finger prods him, and a hard pole of cockflesh, wet with saliva, penetrates. The size of the cock rammed into him is so big that he moans, but his mouth is shut immediately by the cock on his nose, muffling his cries. He thinks, behind tightly closed eyelids, God, don't let it stop, ever, ever!!

Swallowing gooey gism that spurts in his throat, the cock jerking and pulsating on the roof of his mouth, he gulps down its viscous mass, feeling the other cock plunged in his ass ram further, and, with a loud yell, the man fucking him orgasms.

He lies on warm sand for a long time, the gentle touch of tiny waves lapping at his naked body, after the rapists leave and the sound of their taunting voices mingles with shadows of the beach. He feels a slight pain in his rectum, tastes the gluey come in his mouth but, also, feels a more satisfying sensation of pleasure as he seems to pulsate, to glow, with an inner fire.

The phone dropped from his hand, its cord coiling like a snake in mid-air. Evan thought, is it punishment I crave?

CHAPTER FIVE

During the next few days, yellow sheets of paper with the de Sade quote still crumpled on the black-and-white tile, he tried to resume the story about "Alex" and the unnamed boy, but the mood had been broken, the thread of the plot raveled and irreparable, gone forever. A feeling of frustration and isolation took over and he experimented, mentally, with solutions) Go into town, get plastered at some crummy bar; inflict inane intellectual conversation on himself at the home of one of his artisan friends bored by their ding dong pot fantasies; pick, up some Spanish-American kid trying to forget Jimby, suck the kid's cock until insensible; cut out and fuck the famous trial?

He rode Tazel several times, constantly searching for another rider on another horse, even went to the hilltop meadow. Grass had dried to a brittle carpet with colder November weather, the wild flowers vanished.

As if this scene, like others in his head, was a weed hallucination or a peyote phantom, he began to wonder if he'd actually had sex with the boy in this stark place. When had it happened? And whenever he drove the Ford past the Maes' houses, instinctively he glanced at the portal, but he never saw that slim, boyish figure.

Frustration building to a crushing crescendo, the only answer seemed to be the peyote, and the dull excitement of his hand. One day, he jerked off five times until, exhausted and bombed out of his skull, he fell onto the rumpled bed, slept for twenty-four hours.

The following late afternoon, after a breakfast that had him vomiting, and a stomach which gave him fits, he decided to call Caruthers, tell the lawyer he was going back to California. He shuffled as far as the wall, and leaned against the phone, gasping with the effort. With the change of weather, the trailer was cooler and he shivered, glanced out the window at a pewter-gray sky, clouds swarming from plains far to the east. As he lifted the phone, heavy in his hand, he heard a soft knock on the screen.

"Who's that?" he asked listlessly.

The screen door opened; Scott Michaels stepped into the room.

Replacing the phone on its hook, Evan smiled, ambled to the frig, took out a beer, used the opener, handed the can to him, sat wearily at the table. "Okay. What new threat you bringing from the Maes?" He glanced at pale, freckled skin. "Before you spill it, let me tell you something. I'm splitting. Go tell those sonsofbitches they can have their Goddamn land and welcome to it!"

The red-haired man stared at him, raised the can, drank deeply, licked foam from his lips. "Why, Evan?"

"Shit!" he exploded angrily. "What the fuck difference does it make why?"

I'm pissed-off, finished!"

Scott sat on the opposite side of the table, drew a cigarette from his shirt pocket, lighted it with his gold Ronson. "I told you, Evan, I like you, want you and me to be friends. And I don't have many friends in this town."

Evan sighed. "Okay," he muttered rather unnerved by this humble appeal.

He thought. He's the only decent human in the whole bunch! and he suddenly remembered Scott's telling him about his wife inheriting the vast Maes' properties. "Appreciate your offer but, under the circumstances, why try to persuade me to remain? Doesn't make any sense."

The blue eyes were astonished. "I don't understand."

"I'm being a shit and admit it, Scott." He tried grinning, added, "Excuse my cynicism, but you gotta agree these past weeks have not been conducive to an optimistic view, right? Those two prick bullies have finally scared me off."

"You shouldn't let them do that."

"Why the fuck not?"

"If you do, it will give Hilario -- and Rosabel -- more reason for continuing their bloody fight against Anglos. Do you want the Spanish-Americans to run every Anglo out of New Mexico?"

"I used to believe in causes, but no longer. To hell with the bloody battle and to hell with Spanish-Americans."

Scott's warm hand reached across the table, touched his. "Please don't give it to them, please don't."

The red-haired man was almost in tears and Evan found it embarrassing but he muttered, "Okay," held the hand firmly, as he thought. This guy needs someone. What can I offer, for chrissakes, aside from the obvious? No sweat there -- sex with him would be nice and gentle. Is that what I want

-- someone to be gentle? He said, "If I stay, the harassment, the shots in the dark, all the shit will continue. Those two, Hilario and Valentine, won't give up, and you know it."

"No, they won't stop." The blue eyes stared into his. "Antonia and I...

well you see, Rosabel has never let me be part of the family, because I'm an Anglo. Beneath Antonia's easy-going exterior she has a very determined nature, much like her mother's, and she always gets what she wants, do you see? Otherwise, she and I would never have been able to marry, and her brothers' hatred of me began when they suspected their sister planned to give ownership of the land to me after Nemecio and Rosabel die. I've been an object of their harassment and their vengeance just as you are.

We must stick together, Evan."

"And this is why you don't want me to leave?"

"Partly, and because I want you and me to be friends." Scott raised the beer can to his lips, drank, then turned around to switch on the small radio on the counter behind him as he'd done the other time they sat talking at the table. He made the same remark as music swelled loudly in the room. "Don't be

frightened but someone might be listening outside." A guitar and tenor voice sang.

Evan stood up shakily as peyote from the night before whirled in his head, shuffled to the screen door. The sky had blackened and low clouds obscured the pinon trees. "Nobody out there. Think those are snow clouds?"

Standing beside him, Scott said, "This time of year it's possible in New Mexico." The arm around Evan's shoulders quivered slightly. "Do you mind me doing this?"

Pale, freckled skin, curly reddish hair, a pleasant breath, came in close to Evan's face; warm lips touched his briefly, then, as he opened them, pressed more firmly. The kiss was tender and they clung to each other. As Evan began to move slowly towards the bedroom and rumpled bed, his arms still around the big man, their mouths still clamped together, Scott murmured, "Here... not the bed, I want you here."

Fingers moved over Evan's ragged Levi's, caressed the large bulge, fumbled with his fly. The red-haired man panted hoarsely as Evan lowered the fly to permit the fingers to touch warm skin, lift it from the opening, clamp roughly over the cock, stiff and erect now, as lips still pressed to his murmured, "I need to, I need you..."

The Levi's slid to the trailer floor and Scott sank on his knees, arms wound around Evan's hips, face buried in the cock and pubic hair. Evan fondled the long red hair on that head, stroked it back from a sweaty forehead as a feeling of gentleness surged through him, a feeling he'd rarely experienced. Sex had been always violently brutal in the past, even with Jimby whom he thought he loved, a kind of battle between two panting bodies for possession of each other. A hot mouth opened over the cock, slipped, wet with saliva, and a tongue laved it. Scott's pale-blue eyes stared up at him as he permitted the cock to slide from his lips.

"Christ, Evan, I've wanted to do this ever since I first saw you."

He leaned, kissed the shaggy reddish-brown hair, and the mouth returned to suck again as Scott jerked his body in very close. Dropping slowly to his

knees, cock still held in that warm mouth, Evan curled over to place his head between Scott's legs, the cord fabric of the man's pants rough on his cheek. A hard object moved under the material with a faint odor of horses, and, opening the zipper, the large, hot prick sprang from the cords. He sucked it, its taste was vigorously male, and, sighing, he felt Scott's body quiver, heard his muttered voice, "Evan, Jesus, Evan..."

The smell of that cock in his nose, the bitter taste of it, stimulated him to open his lips over a hairy sac and large balls, to suck rapidly, Scott still muttering around the cock in his throat. The big man's body arched upward, knees springing apart and the enormous sausage of cockflesh shoved further in Evan's mouth. Its size was the largest he'd ever sucked, swelled to an even bigger mass, its bloated head filling him and stretching his lips painfully. He couldn't breathe, a furry pad of reddish pubes clogging his nostrils, yet exciting. Shoving the body away from his face, he stared at that huge prick, a saliva-slick cockhead near his eyes, pearly drops of pre-coital fluid dripping from it. A seminal cord bulged from an underbelly covered with tendrils of damp hair to the enlarged, moistly pink head, and tiny blue veins threaded the pale white skin of the cockshaft. This object was powerfully masculine, the "symbol"

of his manuscript: Male fertility, the pole of something upon which to engorge oneself. Tasting again the raunchy, bitterly virile flavor of the cock, he plunged it back in his mouth.

Warm lips sucking him, a hot tongue licking him sent tremors through every muscle and combined with the feeling of that immense, throbbing cock filling him, or so it seemed to do as he tried to swallow it. He quivered on the floor, legs jerking back and forth, his belly heaving, his mouth drooling saliva. This must be, he thought, the most erotic sex act he'd ever performed, regardless of passion or pain or any other sensation he'd found necessary in the past. There was enough masculine, sensual power in the huge cock, those hairy balls touching his forehead, to satisfy him, which was surprising. He attempted to brutally ram his midsection forward, to bury his cock deeper in those sucking lips, tried to impose pain on the red-haired man but drew back, suddenly, as his own cock slid wetly, flopped on Scott's chin.

"Would you like me better if I'm more brutal? Is that what you want?"

Scott whispered in a low voice.

Is pain and violence just a pattern? Why is it necessary to me? he wondered as, almost fiercely, and as if to refute the thought, he gripped the huge prick with both hands, rammed it deep in his mouth, gulping until it once more spread his ups wide. And now, they both moved silently in the rhythms of love, except for the sound of slobbery lips on flesh, a swishing noise of naked bodies squirming on the black-and-white tile floor.

He caressed and squeezed cheeks of a naked ass as Scott's body throbbed against his face, the heavy cock becoming larger as he licked it, felt a mouth suck his balls and lips slip on his underbelly and seminal cord.

That raunchy, hot leathery, horse-smell sent his mind whirling with erotic pleasure as violent and brutal as the pleasure he thought he needed. The sensations caused by the wet mouth on his cock were sending him into ecstasies he didn't think possible. Using every effort and skill he knew to satisfy this man, Evan slid the large dick from his lips, and licked it from its hairy base to the tip of its slimy head with his tongue, hearing Scott moan as a face plunged between his legs and a mouth engulfed his spasming cock once more.

A thick tongue, laying the expanded head of his cock, wrapping down the shaft and curling about its base, slid up to stroke quivering skin of the head again. Evan jerked off the floor, hips tensed and straining, fell back. Knees clamped hard to the sweating face in his groin, he rammed his cock deeper in that wet throat, heard gurgling noises, moans of hot pleasure, and lips enclosing it held it like warm vise as he fucked them.

He opened his eyes, stared at an enormous shaft of dusky skin protruding from his lips, curly reddish hairs, the heavy balls squirming in a crinkled sac as Scott's legs sprang apart; saw the joining of powerfully muscled legs to a groin, paler skin filmed with sweat, tendrils of hair clinging damply to a brown pucker. The cockshaft, jerked from his lips with Scott's hips rearing up, slid out until its bulbous, slimy-red head appeared oozing opaque drops

of pre-coital fluid. Eagerly, Evan extended his tongue, wrapped it around the cock, slid his lips back over it, heard loud grunts of pleasure.

Dazzling and tantalizing stimulation, like a hot river, grew in his belly, with the sucking mouth on his cock, and opening his throat muscles wide, he swallowed Scott's prick whole to its pubes, felt engorged, filled. His own balls contracting to his underbelly, pressed painfully to his full seminal cord, he jerked knees apart, buried his face between humid thighs and wiry pubic hair, felt his semen rise in his cockshaft as if flame shot from his balls to the end of his dick. He gulped around the immense rod splitting his lips, waited as if suspended between Heaven and hell, gasped as a fountain rose, clamped the saliva-drenched cock hard.

The cock in Evan's lips jerked on the roof of his mouth, overflowing with hot come. He swallowed greedily and, at the same moment, his own ejaculating sent shivers over him. The interior of the trailer had grown cold.

Scott's eyes stared down at him, his lips smiling. The lips touched his face, then the man murmured, "Na need for us to pretend love, Evan, but I'll always remember how gentle you were." He crawled to his knees, got to his feet, bent forward to raise the cord pants. Evan knelt, pressed his lips to the hairy, dangling balls and cheeks of a muscular ass; as he did, he heard an odd scraping noise on the trailer steps outside and, rather annoyed by this interruption, jerked his head around to stare at the screen.

Striding to the door as he fastened the cords at his waist, Scott pushed the screen open, sniffed the air. "Snow," he muttered. The rectangle of the door was black; in the tar distance, stars glittered.

Evan walked to him, placed his arm around the red haired man's shoulders.

"Was there anyone out there?" then, laughing, he added, "Hell, who'd be listening, for chrissakes?" Though he tried to make a joke of the situation, he knew, somehow, there had been someone outside the trailer a moment before. Nemecio? Rosabel? Hilario?

Pale-blue eyes stared at him for a moment, then Scott muttered, "You stay in here. I'll go out there, see who it was," and he went down the steps

silently, disappeared around the back of the trailer.

He stood for a moment, listening, heard the footsteps crunch on dry earth, then Evan found the ragged Levi's, got into them and his moccasins, stood by the table staring down. The gold Ronson lighter was stilt there with the two empty beer cans.

As he thought about Scott, vaguely aware of a growing affection for this man, the sound of a rifle shot seemed to burst his eardrums and, whirling, he raced for the screen door. The blast reverberating in his head, he stared wildly into shadows each side of the trailer, then ran to the rutted road that led to the Maes' houses. As he saw the sprawled shape, a darker patch of shadow in the road, he stopped running, walked more slowly.

Scott Michaels' body lay on its back, legs spread-eagled. Hairs on the back of Evan's neck rose as he bent down. Oh, Jesus! The shot had been fired at close range. What was left of Scott's head was a bloody mass of mangled bone and flesh. Kneeling, he fumbled for a hand, gripped it for a pulse beat held his breath. There was no pulse. Dropping the hand, he got to his feet stared around him. From the Maes' houses he heard the faint rhythms of Spanish music and someone laughed. Overhead, the New Mexican sky was the same nebulous cloud of milky stars and skudding clouds as it had been the night he'd walked to those houses. Who killed him? Whoever was listening outside the trailer? and he shivered. On the county road, a car roared past at high speed, careened around a corner, vanished. Aside from this remote sound, the silence around him was complete, as if he stood there alone under these stars, that threatening, cavernous sky, the last living human in a void.

Did one of those sonsofbitches kill Scott to shut his mouth? Had someone overheard him offer to testify at the trial? and he thought, Run, oh Christ, run like hell! As he turned to walk quickly back to the trailer, a tall shadow stepped from darker shadows of the pinon trees towards him!

Hilario's voice snarled, "Don't move, you damn pervert! I'll plug your fucking balls!" Evan froze. The Spanish-American ambled to him, rifle pointed, shouted, "Okay, Val, bring the truck!"

He wondered how he'd not noticed the truck further up the road, but knew with the horror of finding Scott's mangled body he'd have noticed nothing else. The car backed rapidly, swerved to a stop. Hilario prodded him with the rifle. "Get in there."

"You killed him." As he glanced at two faces in reflected light from the dashboard, he saw Hilario frown. "Shut up!" the man snarled. "We ain't talkin' about the dude and he don't matter, anyways. I didn't shoot the bastard!" Gleaming, black eyes stared into his, then shifted to Valentine behind the steering wheel. "The Pecos cabin, like I said."

Evan shivered, said, "You must be more stupid than I thought Hilario. You can't kill me and get away with it. What's the point of this trip?"

The rifle butt was jammed into his ribs. "The point of this trip is to make you sign a paper admitting you stole the land you claim is yours, deed it to me, okay, Anglo?"

"Now I know you murdered your brother-in-law, what wilt you tell Rosabel and old Nemecio? What will you tell Jimby?"

"Lay off that kid!" and the rifle was rammed hard again. "And, Goddamnit, I said I didn't shoot him!" The black eyes were now puzzled as if trying to solve a difficult problem, then Hilario added, sullenly, "I don't know who killed the bastard and care less, see?" He was thoughtful for a moment, his black eyes shifting quickly from one window to the other.

"One thing I can tell you, you pervert Anglo, he wasn't shot with no rifle. A shotgun blew his fucking head off!"

As the truck swerved off the county road onto a four-lane highway, Valentine muttered, "Antonia?"

"Why would she kill him?" his brother said in a surprised voice; his bravado and boastful arrogance seemed to have drained from him. "Why would she?" he whispered.

In the dim, reflected light Valentine's features were very pale. "Mama?"

"You shut up!" Hilario stormed, "I oughta knock your Goddamn head off for saying stuff like that! Goddamnit, you drive and keep your yap shut!"

Turning his anger on Evan, he slammed the rifle butt into his forehead; the road, bright tunnel of light, dimmed before his eyes, faded slowly away as Evan slid forward.

"Jesus, Holy Mother!" Valentine moaned, "now you've done it!" The truck swerved dangerously near a deep ditch and, grabbing the wheel, Hilario shouted, "Okay, I'm doing the driving from now on, get your ass over here, you weak-assed bastard!"

As Valentine shifted his body across the transmission and Evan's slack knees, Evan mumbled, lapsed into silence. Valentine grabbed his wrists, began rubbing them frantically as he muttered, "If he dies, Hil, you and me are up shit creek."

Images behind Evan's closed eyes move and swarm, reshape from swirling masses of opaque gauze. This place is a pleasant place. In the distance, vague outlines in a milky haze, he sees figures move, wonders if they might be angels, this place Heaven, and his interior systems laugh at this thought, his subconscious startled by his laughter.

Now, he sees there are three figures moving over mossy banks of flowers towards him. One is Alex, the hero of his manuscript and his imaginary self just as he'd described on the typewriter -- muscularly naked, tall, with a jet-black head of curly hair, the same jet fuzzing a broad stretch of shoulders, a mound of the same glittering jet at a crotch and spectacularly large, heavy-hanging cock which dangles as he moves. The figure is now clear in his vision and his subconscious sighs.

The second figure, the nameless boy of the manuscript is, also, exactly as he'd described -- lithe, slenderly muscular, deltoids capping shoulders, a manly chest formation, blond scraggly hair falling forward over a pale forehead, that loose-limbed walk like a rangy cowboy, the same sensuous blue eyes. The boy's cock, although not large, is erect as it flaps on each thigh as he glides, edges of his body outlined by blue light and, mentally, Evan's subconscious sighs once more. The third figure is Jimby.

There seems to be no language or means of communication and no necessity for any of these formalities in this strange place. The three glowing figures merely signal to him soundlessly and, he understands instantly.

They sit on a mossy slope which, in some old fashion, changes to coarse grasses and dry flowers of another place three pairs of eyes, seeming to fire his innards as they stare at him, say mutely: You are wrong... we are not what you interpret us to be... we do not need love because there is no such thing in the first place! Pain and spiritual agony are everything. Believe in us and we will make you famous! We shall teach you to endure pain which will send you into sublime ecstasies. Sex should be used for release of body fluids, permit one to exude all evil and be cleansed. Why should there be more?

Arms, like slippery tentacles, entwine him, pull him down; a hot, visceral heat seems to surround him. Staring at broad bands of leather which bind hint flesh puffing around the straps painfully, his body tenses, expectant, as furry wet tongues lick, send warm shivers through him, burrow into his asshole, and teeth gnaw his erect cockflesh. As he opens lips to shout, not from pain but joy, a mammoth cock is rammed in his mouth, fetid, pungent-smelling, head slimed with come. Although his eyes seem to be closed, he sees it clearly -- the inflamed head a giant red knob, drops of gism running down the cockshaft like a milky fountain, tiny blue worms which slither in and out of the skin. He laps at the gism, recoils with the sting on his tongue and, at the same instant, a second huge cockshaft, slick with jelly, plugs his rectum; he is blocked, orally and anally, from an outside world, whatever that "world" might be.

As if he were an undulating, amorphous mound of self-contained matter, unable to communicate either agony or joy, he lies there blubbering, as he oozes from every pore.

The enormous, hard flesh plugging his ass rams brutally, the cock spreading his lips overflows, shooting a wet blob of sperm into a clamped throat and he swallows, gurgling and puking, chokes on his own vomit. His ass is now sticky with come, which dribbles between his legs, burns his skin. As he

tries to open his mouth wider for a soundless scream, fingers tear his flesh, clutch his balls; ripping the sac. He arches his body back, stares above him.

The third figure -- is it Jimby? -- standing over him seems to have enlarged, became monstrous, to fill space. In his hand he holds a coil of leather, raises it. The strand crackles, descends to cut his flesh, is lifted, brought down once more and his body seems to break in two pieces.

The whip, crackling again, smashes onto his bloody skin and tensed erection, causing him to writhe with the pain and sensations flooding him; he rolls, legs spread wide, cock arching from his streaked stomach, exposes all of his nakedness to receive the punishment.

Jimby squats beside him, claws at the hard-on now spurting ruby blood and it splatters his face. The mouths of the other bodies gnaw his ass, chew his pucker, pain in his stomach is intense; he can't breathe as hot needles pierce his erect nipples. Squirming ecstatically, he wallows in a thick, bloody fluid, seems to swoon, but hears a voice speak for the first time in this mysterious place.

"He ain't dead!" Hilario's voice snarled as he swerved the truck into another road. "Christ, are you stupid."

Very faintly, Evan heard a second voice say, "Okay, Hil, better thank the Blessed Virgin he isn't. Now you've had your fun, take him back."

And he wonders. Back where?

With the question in his mind, he seemed to be in the trailer, lay supine on the black-and-white tiles. Hilario stood over him, a foot crushing his chest, the symbol of virile macho mastery.

And, as before, he quivered with anticipation, wondered what would happen to him now, stared up at black eyes, that mammoth wet cock pointing down, the hairy sac and heavy balls, and, as before, the rough voice floated down.

"I ain't gonna kill you, just make you understand who's boss. You Anglos claim you got more brains than we Spanish-Americans right? So you oughta know two guys can't be king of the hill at the same time." Hilario laughed, leaned over, hot breath on his cheek.

Hot breath and black staring eyes came closer as the naked body leaned further, a large hairy sac and heavily swaying balls hung between massive thighs, the long length of warm cock dangling. "Let me tell you somethin', and, for a dummy like me, it may be a surprise. I don't hate you. Why the fuck should I? I ain't like Mama and her Goddamn Entidad, all that shit you dig? You don't mean nothing? But my land... my people's land... means everything!"

Squatting beside him, the thick fleshy cock like a dusky-brown snake on the tiles, Hilario touched his belly, ran the palm of his hand to damp pubes.

"By God, you Anglos are dumb sonsofbitches. You and me, Lambert, could'a been good buddies, but your Goddamn superiority wouldn't let you." The black eyes staring at him seemed to change to an admiring look as the large, hairy hand grabbed his cock lolling limp on his belly, raised it in a fist.

"I guess I could'a even loved you, man." Hilario's voice was puzzled, surprised; then, laughing, he added, "But I guess you think you're too good for a Spanish-American, don't you?"

The fist clamped more roughly, closed like a steel vise. He quivered, tried to speak, eyes rolling, wanted to tell him, "No, I'm not too good... no, I'm not superior... yes, I do love you," but his throat, clogged with saliva, would not permit him to utter a sound.

Blood congealed in the head of his cock, enlarged the swollen shaft, he felt his balls react to the exciting pain, slide snugly to his underbelly, pause as if waiting breathlessly to discharge pent-up sperm gathered there. His need for a complete and powerful ejaculation forced him to grip the hand on his cock, jerk it up and down furiously, legs sprung apart, lips drooling. He closed his eyes to savor the erotic moment, renew his wild imaginings,

hoped Hilario would hit him, make him submit to some bestial act. He would do anything!

As agony returned more familiar, more exciting, more needed than the oddly affectionate words Hilario had spoken, the hate-love, master-slave syndrome taking over, he sat up, stared into black eyes close to his face, shouted, "Step on me... oh, God...! Shut up and just step on me!"

CHAPTER SIX

Antonia entered the glass-enclosed portal at the back of the house from shadows of the yard, closed the door, pressed her face to glass, staring but into the night. In the front rooms beyond several bedrooms, a kitchen and dining room, she heard music and the loud rhythms of a Spanish guitar. Jimby and his stereo! she thought. She'd noticed a glow from star-lit scrub and pinon trees, that disgusting mound of wrecked cars, as she'd moved silently through them to the light from the glass-enclosed room Scott had built for Rosabel.

The room was moistly warm, heavy with the scent of flowers hung in wooden baskets, a rack of African violets sleeping in rays from fluorescent bars. As she bent over the violets, the roar of a gun rattled the glass sections and, body stiffening, she jerked around to stare out into the night again. Will it never stop? Oh, God, please make it stop!! She knew it must be her brothers harassing that poor Mister Lambert. As she strode angrily to a door, shoved it open, through a dark kitchen into a long hallway dimly lighted, along it past bedrooms to a living room, she heard someone laughing and noise from the stereo grew louder.

She stared at Jimby dancing by himself in the middle of the room. "Where are Hilario and Valentine?"

The boy did not seem to hear, continued wiggling his body to the twang of a guitar. Antonia walked to the stereo cabinet switched off the tape. "I said, where are Hilario and Valentine? Where is Scott?"

Large black eyes glared at her as Jimby stopped dancing. "You're not allowed to mess around with my stereo. You shouldn't have done that, Antonia, it makes me mad. I'll tell Mama."

Swiveling him around, she shook him roughly. "Where did they go?"

"Mama won't like you pounding on me." He pushed her aside, ran for the front door; as he jerked it open, Jimby turned around to glower at her.

"You stay in here, there's trouble outside," and he ducked out the door into shadows.

She walked along the hallway, paused at an open bedroom door, spoke in Spanish, "Where is Mama?"

Nemecio lay propped up by pillows in a big canopied bed, light from a pink-shaded lamp flooding his gnarled features. He said in Spanish, from pages of a newspaper he was reading, "That is none of your concern, daughter. Go back to your flowers." His small black eyes peered at her behind grimy glasses. "It's that fool Anglo's fault," and he laughed, choked on phlegm, spat into a Kleenex from a box on the bedside table.

"Your brothers are taking care of him!"

Being a proper Spanish daughter, Antonia did not dare question him further but moved slowly into the room. "Did you hear a shot a moment ago?"

The old man cackled. "You think I'm deaf or something? Of course I heard a shot!" He slid lower in the bed, raised the newspaper. "The Holy Virgin has answered my prayer."

Antonia strode quickly from the room, walked into the dark kitchen. Where is Scott? Lighting an overhead globular shade of white plastic, she crossed to the stove, turned up the gas under a mottled-blue coffee pot, took a cup and saucer from a shelf. Holding them, she moved to the kitchen window, pressed her face to the cold glass, then heard the roar of a truck's motor. Headlights beamed into her eyes, swerved, and a car drove at high speed past the house.

Again the terrified thought surged in her mind.

Where is Scott?

Dropping the cup and saucer on a table, she raced along the hallway to the glass-enclosed portal room, slipped through a side door; now the night seemed blacker than before. She knew the rutted road too well to fear stumbling, walked quickly along it and the barbed-wire fence; ahead, she

saw light in the trailer windows. Eyes concentrating on the light she stumbled over something in the road, gasped. Kneeling, she felt blindly, touched wet matter and shattered bone; although she could not see a face she knew it was Scott not Evan Lambert.

Valentine said, "He's coming around," shifted Evan's head on his shoulder, stared at his brother's grim face. "Like I said, if he'd croaked, you'd get the chair."

Hilario kept his eyes on the road sweeping towards the truck and under its wheels. "Don't scare me none. In case you've forgotten, there's no death penalty in this state." He laughed. "Don't have to remind you neither what Papa's instructions would be or what you gotta do, follow?"

"Sure I follow, and I dig your stupid hatred of Anglos, too. I don't agree with you and Mama. Is that why you despise me?"

Switching his black eyes to stare at his brother for a moment then back to the road Hilario muttered. "I don't despise you, just think you're stupid and weak, conned by the Anglos into believing what they claim."

"And what is that?"

"Don't put me on, man! They think they're superior to anyone with skin a darker color than theirs!"

Valentine stared at him. "Mama and I have the same skin, lighter than yours and Antonia's. Does that mean we're aliens, according to your theory?" Cursing loudly, Hilario gripped the wheel, spun it, turning the truck onto a dirt road. "I'm head of the family and you do as I tell you.

I'll not hurt the Goddamn Anglo any more than necessary. I give you my word on it, okay?"

Pine and pinon trees close to the road formed a solid wall of darkness as the truck bounded over deep mud furrows; headlights swerved, illuminating the startled body of a deer. The animal raced off through the trees, scattering snow from branches. Slowing, Hilario guided the truck along a narrower

road, pine boughs scratching the car top and whipping snow against the windshield. Evan moaned, shifted his body on the seat, opened his eyes.

Valentine said to him, "Take it easy, Mister Lambert, we're almost there.

How's your head feel?"

He touched his forehead and the wet bruise, stared at snow outside a window. His skull was numb but not painful and he couldn't seem to think about where he was nor with whom. "Where we going, fellows?" Evan muttered.

Hilario laughed. "Me and my brother are taking you to our Pecos cabin."

He switched a grinning face to stare at Evan. "Don't you remember shooting Scott in the head?"

Valentine said, "Shut up, Hil. You didn't shoot him, Mister Lambert. We don't know who did. My brother's lying."

As he shook his head, brain matter seemed to rattle in his skull; a peculiar whistling noise filled his ears. The peyote? He tried to fit the pieces together... Let's see. I left the trailer and...? All that remained of the previous hours was whirling nebulae of stars, spinning planets, a gaseous spiral of universes. Evan wondered, vaguely, who these two men were, couldn't seem to recall names or what his relationship to them might be. A name sprang into his head. Jimby. Frowning, he considered the name and it appeared to mean nothing.

Misty veils in his mind seem to shift, alter, become less blurred, and moving towards him is a tall, lithe, boyish figure which reminds him of someone he knows.

At narrow hips, skin is the color of pale almonds, but the color changes to bronze on the naked torso and well-formed, muscular thighs, the slim ankles and feet. A twisted mouth and red lips that hang open smile at him crazily; black eyes stare at him vacantly as if not seeing him. Trying to indicate he is a friend, he moves closer to the boy.

A tiny cock hung between naked thighs rises as he stares at it. The boy looks down as if fascinated by this object, lips still hanging open stupidly, saliva drooling from them. He does not seem to understand why the small prick jerks and slowly hardens, looks at it from blank, lusterless eyes.

He moves to place an arm around the boy's shoulders, embraces him, feeling the sweat on bronzed skin, sharp tips of erect nipples, downy hairs on the boyish chest. Then, sliding the palm of his hand over a flat damp belly, he fingers wet pubes, touches the cock with fingertips, stares at those black, empty eyes. The boy grins foolishly, glances down at the hand on his cock, giggles.

He says, almost screaming the words, "Jimby oh, God, Jimby."

Sinking to his knees before that beautiful body, he stares up at a contorted face and empty black eyes, moans, "Oh, God!" as he crushes his mouth to a boyish belly, clamps his arms tightly around loved hips and cheeks of an ass, moans again, "No... oh, God, no!"

Jimby stands impassive, unreacting, emotionless. Only his blank eyes yield to a brief glitter of recognition as he mutters, "Leave my Goddamn dick alone." The voice in Evan's eyes, not the voice he loves, is old, guttural.

Frantically, he tries by embracing the slim body to bring the boy back, return that dull mind, grips the small, flaccid cock in his hand, caresses it gently, eyes still on the boy's face above him. "What are you doing?" the dull, guttural voice demands, and Jimby jerks his hand away, stares at it wonderingly. "You eat gism?" He adds, "Shall I jerk off?"

Now, he understands. The boy has escaped to some cloudy place where he'll never be able to rescue him from, stares horrified at that vacant face, the dangling cock, is shoved roughly as Jimby snarls again, "Leave my Goddamn dick alone, cocksucker."

Horror forced him to open his eyelids, which had not been shut his eyes merely blinded by the images in his mind. Jerking his head from side to side, he stared at a profile on his right, a face on his left. "Who are you?"

"Jesus!" Valentine breathed in a panicky voice, "you turned this dude into a Goddamn zombie, Hil." He leaned forward to stare into Evan's eyes.

"Don't you know who I am, Mister Lambert?"

The voice seemed familiar. "Uh..." he tried, feeling rather stupid, "I suppose I do." He stopped speaking. God, what's happening to me? Sweat dampened his forehead and, like a blinding light, another name appeared.

"Rosabel," he said blankly.

Breath rasping from dry lips, Antonia ran to the trailer, around to the door, flung open the screen. Shiny new black-and-white tiles reflected light in her eyes and, moaning, she stepped inside, walked to a small bedroom; a tensor lamp glowed from a shelf above a rumpled bed but the bedroom, like the bath, was empty. Returning to the kitchen section, she glanced down at a Formica-topped table. Scott's gold Ronson lighter lay next to two perforated cans of beer.

As she ran back along the rutted road toward the house, she kept repeating in her mind, He's not dead, not dead! meaning the Anglo, not Scott Michaels; there'd been no possible doubt about her husband being quite dead. Sounds of the stereo swirled from the house as she ran into the cluttered yard, jerked open the door. There were two people in the room with Jimby, who danced to the music as before, completely absorbed by his own body's sensuous movements. A taunting voice said, "So, Antonia, you killed him at last."

At the far end of the large living room, Merlinda sat in the window seat.

She smiled as Antonia stared at her, shifted her eyes to Rosabel sitting in a high-backed chair. "She killed him, didn't she, Mother? Tell her she killed him."

"Silence!" The word exploded in the room. Rosabel glanced at her daughter from half-closed eyelids. "It is finished."

The coldly aristocratic face did not alter, remained impassive. "You will say nothing, Antonia. Your husband was murdered by the Anglo." She swiveled in the chair to stare at Merlinda. "But I'll not have you telling me what I must do. Now..." and her black, shrewd eyes returned to Antonia, "when the police come, you will say what I instruct you to say.

Is that clear?"

Moving swiftly to the high-backed chair, Antonia gripped her hands, jerked the older woman from the chair roughly. "What is Hilario doing to him? Answer me!"

The black eyes stared up into her face venomously. "The Bible tells us to take a tooth for a tooth. Hilario will force a confession of guilt from the Anglo, call the police." Rosabel glanced at Jimby, now motionless and listening, wrenched her hands from Antonia's grasp, walked to him.

"Do not be frightened, Jaime Bernardo," she murmured as she hugged him.

"I will never let them harm you, child."

Antonia said in a low voice as she moved towards them, "What do you mean, Mama?"

"Leave the boy alone!" Rosabel commanded, kissed Jimby's startled face, murmuring once more, "I will never let them hurt you, child."

Antonia's face became pale as she turned to stare at Merlinda Maes in the window seat. "You know... just as Mama knows... Mister Lambert didn't kill Scott!" Her eyes returned to stare at her brother; Jimby cowered, whimpering under those blazing eyes. "Which of you killed him?" Antonia hissed and, hearing her mother gasp, advanced on the boy and woman holding him protectively in her arms.

They dragged him between them along a snow-covered path, a bridge spanning a small stream, to a cabin. As they held him upright, the other unlocked a door with a key, reached inside to switch on lights. They pushed him inside, closed the door.

It was a large, rough beamed room with a fieldstone fireplace at an end, animal skins on walls, a wrought-iron chandelier in a high ceiling; he gazed around like a child. (How did I get here?) The taller of the two men muttered words to the other men, moved to the far side of the room and a bar under a wooden balcony. Evan heard the clatter of glass, something being poured, stood there waiting, watched as the other man (the one with nicer eyes... What is his name?) ambled to him, a glass in his hand. "Drink this, Mister Lambert." The taste was unfamiliar, odd, but he assumed it was liquor; the sting of ice on his tongue was refreshing. (What do these guys want?) Strangely, there was no feeling of fear in the numbness of his head, his only tension the threat of the intangible. He thought about that for a moment, gave up trying to fathom this mystery, smiled at the one with nice eyes who'd handed him the glass.

The brown eyes staring back at him seemed to hold, he thought, a hidden entreaty, as if trying to say something to him. He stared at a dome of balding hair, also light-brown, and a name surfaced in his clouded brain.

"What are you doing here, Valentine?"

The one behind the bar said, "Well, at least he remembers who you are,"

and Evan heard a barking sound which might have been laughter. "We'll keep him here in the cabin until he gets over whatever ails him, make him sign the paper, okay?"

The balding man muttered, "God, but you're heartless! Can't you see the poor bastard's out of his fucking head?"

"Like hell he is!" the second voice scoffed. "What do ya wanta bet he's putting us on?" The voice came nearer as it added, "Right, Lambert? You can hear and understand every word I'm saying? Answer me, you Goddamn pervert." (That filthy word! he reacted furiously, raised the glass as if to throw it at that grinning, evil face, as he thought: He's the one you hate! But, instead of doing anything, he lowered the glass again, felt foolish.)

Howling with laughter, Hilario grinned at his brother. "See what I mean?"

So you're a pushover for cocksuckers, aren't you?" He drained his glass, returned to the bar, refilled it. "Now, you listen to me," the voice continued, "I'm going through with our plan and I don't give a damn what you do! The Anglo will sign this paper if I have to cut off his balls to make him!"

The voice nearer Evan, "I'll not stand for any torture, get that through your thick head I agreed to help you get him up here to the cabin, but damned if I'll stand by and watch you hurt him!"

"Just try to stop me." The man strode from behind the bar and the smell of a hot breath and garlic came close to Evan's face. "Don't you count on my weak-ass brother helping you, pervert!"

"Hey stop tugging at my clothes! What are you doing, for chrissakes?"

No... I said, NO!"

Smashing the glass at that evil, grinning face, he jumped back, whirled on the other man, put space between them. Like a curtain parting, synapses in his brain closed, flashing: You are in danger? And with the sudden clearing of his mind, he knew where he was, who these men were, what they intended. Eyes swiveling from one to the other, he shouted,

"Away from me, you Goddamn Mexican bastards."

A fist at the end of a muscular bare arm clouted the side of his head; the pleasant numb feeling took him once more.

Two, or -- he isn't certain -- perhaps three naked bodies lie beside him on a bed. Wherever this place is, smells of sex permeate a room -- or is it a room?

Slowly raising, he stares down. Alex, of his manuscript, looks up at him with deep-blue eyes. The nameless boy, shaggy curled blond hair veiling a face, smiles. The third naked body appears featureless, and, as he leans closer, wondering if the third body is Jimby's, he jerks back his head.

Hilario rolls over, grins up at him.

The Spanish-American rises massively, his enormous chest black with wet hair, belly slick and sweaty, pubes glued around the base of a huge dark-skinned cock. The other two lie watching as he stands over them, hips jutting forward in a macho stance, hairy thighs, tensed cheeks of an ass, quivering. He glares down at Alex and the unnamed boy, kicks them brutally with a bare foot, and, laughing, turns his eyes to Evan, hawks spit, spews it out at his face. The glob splatters his eyes, and, as he claws at them, he starts to crawl to his knees.

Quickly, Hilario mounts his ass, forcing his face to the surface under them, grips his hips in thick fingers, and hot breath fans the nape of his neck as the man leans in savagely. Teeth bite skin on his neck; shuddering, he tries to free himself from the slippery body holding him, as hands reach under his spread asscheeks, grip hanging balls, squeeze roughly. A thick, rock-hard object is plunged into his asshole.

As he slumps forward under the brutal weight, cruel hands hold his ass pressed tightly to plunging thighs; he hears grunting noises, and hot breath shivers across his shoulders. Head dangling forward, he opens his eyes; agony in his ass with that mammoth object fucking him has caused them to water, and he looks blearily down to see Alex lying under him, cock rigid from a naked belly, its head dripping milky come. Hilario rams hard, pushes with a violent shove and Evan's face, dangling lower, touches the cock and hot come. As it does, the cock erupts again with a stream of gism.

Hands jerk his body up high, and, fucking him rapidly, Hilario buries the cock deep, lifts him until his head hangs above Alex. Now, the unnamed boy crawls in, tongue extended, licks at milky come splattered on Alex's belly; then he turns to grin up at Evan, who hears Alex's moan as Hilario reaches under Evan's spread ass to grab the dark-haired man's dripping dick, wrench it ferociously. The unnamed boy laughs.

Jerking Evan erect, but still fucking his ass, the Spanish-American forces him to take the boy's cock as he stands in front of them; fingers pry his lips open and the cock is rammed into his mouth; the plunging movements of both bodies explode in his ears as they squash him between them.

Alex seems to surround the three struggling bodies, like flame; Evan glows incandescently, alight with body heat which consumes him. Sweat, coursing over the four naked bodies, pools around his knees; he hears Hilario's loud laugh, the unnamed boy's giggle, and Alex grunts, then moans again, as gism spurts from his cock.

They roll together, that enormous cock still plunged in Evan's ass, his mouth plugged with another, his lips straining on the thick cockshaft, its taste smoky, fetid, sour with gism. He imagines he is screaming, but that would be impossible with the mammoth cock which blocks his throat and hairy balls muffling his mouth.

The rod fucking him burrows further, touches his prostate, and, hips spasming, he jerks back to meet the punishing thrusts as Hilario's breath, hotly moist on the nape of his neck, seems to burn his skin. He hears low growling noises, grunts and moans. The hips beating against his ass work faster as grunts and growling noises increase, become snarled roars. The cock in his mouth expands as hands tear roughly at his body; he hears a moan from Alex, a giggle from the unnamed boy, and the four become a throbbing mass of twisted legs and arms, faces contorted and dripping with sweat, mouths sucking, teeth biting.

With a loud roar, Hilario plunges forward; the cock deep in his ass explodes in a wave of thick, mucousy gism that seems to fill every crevice of his body; the convulsing member in his throat shoots a stream of come into him. He is buried under three stinking bodies, sinks further, then loses consciousness.

The highway from the city to the Pecos mountains was more crowded. Cars, roaring along four lanes in both directions, carried home-bound citizens oblivious to the dangers of careless driving.

Antonia, a skilled driver, drove cautiously but at traffic pace, and paid little attention to her mother's commands for more speed, although rather astonished by Rosabel's concern over what might be happening to the Anglo. Merlinda sat mutely on the back seat of the Pontiac, had said nothing since they'd dragged her from the house and into the car. Now, a dry, flat voice spoke from darkness behind them as flashing car headlights

lit their faces, "May I inform you two, if you are worried about my version of Scott's death to the police, you have very good reason? I cannot condone murder no matter who did it, do you hear me?"

A small black cigar in her lips, smoke trailing from her nostrils, Rosabel said in a low, even voice, "You will do no such thing, Merlinda.

You will keep that foolish mouth of yours shut as I command you to do. I will talk with the police."

As Antonia swerved the car into a rutted dirt road, ground on either side heaped with snow, she said, "Then who killed him?"

"Scott was an accident, his death unavoidable, and, if anything has happened to the Anglo in the Pecos cabin, that too, will have been accidental."

The aristocratic, Spanish face smiled grimly, eyes straight ahead on a curving track through dense growths of snow-covered pine trees. Rosabel nodded her head. "That is the way it will end."

CHAPTER SEVEN

Heat seems to consume him; his skin seems to drip with sweat which courses under his shirt and on his forehead, into his eyes, blinding him.

He wipes the wet from his brow, stares blearily at a high, beamed ceiling. What is this place?

From the corner of his eye he sees a figure, naked and silvered with light, move towards him -- no, not one but two naked bodies. He stares at them. Ahh Alex and the boy! And yet it does not appear to him surprising that these characters from his manuscript are gliding over a bare wood floor in his direction. It is all quite logical.

Rough and callused fingers ripping buttons off his shirt, the metal teeth of his fly zipper, are surprising because he'd imagined Alex would be more gentle; the fingers cannot be his, or the boy's, and, as his pants are torn from him and down over his shoes, a second pair of hands jerks his Jockeys off and horny fingers grip his cock. He hears a low, laughing voice... Not Alex's voice, but whose? "Looka the fucking balls on this guy! He's built like a Goddamn mule!" Callused hands cup his balls, at first not hard, almost lovingly, then clamp like a vise. "Hey!" he says aloud, "what in hell you doing, Alex?" and the low, sardonic laugh echoes in his head again.

Now, odors of another body, its slimy sweat pungent, come in close to his nose as a leering, dark face presses him closer. "You dig that, don't you, you Goddamn Anglo?" a voice sneers. Hot, wet lips touch his chest hair, move to his nipple, suck; a second voice pants, "Ahhh... oh, Jesus!" Is the voice his? Other fingers stroke and milk his erect and throbbing cock and other hands slide between his legs to squeeze his balls, which send agony ricocheting along the surface of his skin. He mutters, "Alex, Alex! Step on me harder!" submitting to his pain in a kind of delirium.

"Harder," his voice moans, body convulsed and spasming with passion, the ecstatic agony searing him. "Ahhh!" the voice moans, as love suffuses him and Alex's fingers tear at his flesh. "Ahh." Blindly, groping with his hands

to find Alex, he fumbles with a opening, touches rigid skin, and a laughing voice mutters, "Go ahead, you Goddamn pervert, jack me off!"

More raucous laughter as the huge pole of cockflesh in his palm jerks; ooze moistens his fingers.

The rough, callused hands forced him downward; his knee bones seem to crack on the bare wood flooring and he attempts to open his eyes wider to stare at that enormous shaft of muscle and skin, its dusky, tan color, the slippery, purple-tinted bulbous knob at its end, the drops of milky-white ooze that drip from it. Warm, raunchy-smelling air seeps from an opening as material on either side of his face is moved quickly down over hairy, thick thighs; hands jerk him forward and ram his open lips to the cock. Ahhh! The flavor of that squirming object in his mouth is excitingly masculine; he sucks the cock in until it fills his throat; balls in a crinkled sac mash to his chin as the voice above his head snarls, "Swallow the fucker, you Goddamn pervert."

He thought, I don't mind dirty words but, damn you, I don't like being called a pervert! He shoved the cock away from his face, stumbled to his feet, stared about him. Where the hell am I?

Now, two men in the room began to blend with his fantasy manuscript figures. He was not as pleased with these new participants, stared at them uncomprehendingly; voices when they spoke were in different textures

-- one snarling, the other less so -- and the words they uttered seemed intelligible but confusing, appeared to come from the high ceiling overhead.

His eyesight clearing, Evan stared at a tall, naked body swaying before him, shifted his eyes from a contorted dark face to a broad spread of muscular shoulders, down to a narrow waist, noting skin color -- a dusky almond -- and the color of a huge tube of flesh hung between massive hairy thighs; shifting his eyes to the right, he saw a second naked man sprawled in a chair. Where did Alex and the boy go?

Warm currents of air on his own nakedness, he swerved his face to a stone fireplace, saw flickering flames, shivered slightly. Where are my clothes

and what the hell are we doing? But the question held no particular meaning, neither interest nor fear. As his skin began to glow with the heat, he stared again at the dark, contorted face.

He said what appeared in his mind suddenly and without thinking, "No need to force me. I will do whatever you want." (Was that his voice speaking, for chrissakes?)

Hilario grinned and laughter shook the tall, naked body in Evan's vision.

He glowered, jaw jutting, "Man, you Anglos are too fucking much!

Nothing's gonna blow your cool, no matter how dirty, right? Shit, don't you pick up on what's in my Goddamned head yet?"

He stared at the glazed, shiny red bulb of skin dangling at the end of the sausage between hairy thighs. "If you think you'll force me into signing that paper with pain and brutality, it won't work. I don't care what you do."

The Spanish-American snarled at his brother, "Get those pliers and rope under the bar!"

Valentine rose, shuffled on bare feet to the bar, returned with a snub-nosed implement, handed it to Hilario. "You ain't gonna use this thing, are you?" he muttered in a low voice, eyed Evan.

With a swift blow of the back of his hand, Hilario struck his brother, sprawled him on the floor. "Goddamnit! I'm head of the family. You shut your yap and watch!"

As he was forced to squat on a chair, rope wound and tying him securely, powerless to move, Evan actually did not want to move, thought dully, Okay -- now what? Coarse hemp fibers stung bare arms and rubbed across hairs on his naked chest, wrapped his legs; leering wet lips close to his face sneered, "All you gotta do, you pervert Anglo, is sign and I'll set you free, okay?" Hilario waved a sheet of paper before Evan's eyes. "You will sign, you know that, don't you? How much pain can you take, man?"

(The last words of this sentence seemed, as they rang in Evan's head, to have been said in a less angry tone of voice; the glittery black eyes staring into his seemed to warm with a kind of affection.) He shook his head.

The metal on his flesh was cold. Then, as the pliers closed to pinch his nipple, warm fluids flowed through him; the metal now was blazing hot.

With this pleasant sensation, he relaxed tensed muscles on his legs in his groin. A hand gripping the pliers twisted as a searing flash of pain ripped him, and his cock rose, slid up his thigh until it stood erect and throbbing.

The metal released his aching nipple to reappear in his crotch; its jaws opened around his sac and balls, closed slowly. "You gonna sign now?" a voice yelled.

"Wait!" another voice interrupted. "You're going at it in the wrong way!"

Valentine's trembling body moved across Evan's line of vision, leaned to stare into his face. "How about both of us fucking him? That will make the bastard sign, won't it?"

Hilario laughed. "Jesus, I think you dig Anglo ass, dummy! Okay," and he moved to the chair where Evan was tied. "Hold him while I take off the rope."

They shoved him unresisting, onto a couch, threw him on his back in cushions, raised his legs over his head, and the scratchy hemp fibers again wound him. He lay, head dangling over the side, legs bound vertically, ass raised and exposed.

A finger prodded his asshole, slid in deep, thrust further until it seemed as if an entire hand was rammed inside him; he wiggled on the cushions.

"Goddamn! This Anglo's got a hole like the fucking Grand Canyon!"

Hilario grunted, fell on him.

The hot, slippery rod pronging him parted membranes. Jerking up, then slumping into the cushions, Evan tried to clamp legs to a heaving naked back, moaned as the rope held him. The cock inside him was enormous, just

as the cock in his manuscript fantasy had been, and, closing eyes, he imagined it was Alex fucking him, whispered, "Lover, oh, Christ, lover...

Alex, Alex, Alex."

A short, barking laugh compelled him to open his eyes. A voice muttered,

"I'm gonna fuck the shit outta you, Lambert," and with a violent shove the cock penetrated to his prostate, tantalizing and exciting; he opened his lips to shout but no sound came. Hands grabbing his hips roughly jerked his ass up higher as the body over him raised, then plunged down.

Now, the hot liquid sensations building inside him became a blazing sun, crept up the length of his body, and he seemed to suffocate with heat.

Easing his pelvis on the cushions under him, he tried to part the cheeks of his ass wider to receive that ramming cock, lifted his head to stare at a contorted dark face which drooled saliva above him, and still could not understand who this man was. His body shivering with waves of cold washing over his nakedness, his head fell back to dangle over the couch side; it banged against the wooden frame with each ferocious shove of cock, punctuated with grunts from the lips close to his chin. His legs jerked, straining at the taut rope as the cockhead inside him extended throughout his entire body. The panting lips at his chin shifted, dropped to his chest and teeth bit his nipple. Evan spasmed, rose again with the twisting of his hips to stare into that dark complectioned, sweaty face.

Was it really Alex making love to him? He could not wind bound arms around those broad, hairy shoulders but murmured, "Alex, oh, Alex, Alex!"

His head fell back again to pound the couch frame, a dull thudding noise in his mind like the sound of thunder.

Spasming, he felt the hot ooze spurt from his cock, spread between his stomach and the body ramming him; a jeering, panting voice muttered:

"Shoot, man, shoot!" and a second ejaculation spurted like thick jelly over his skin. He quivered with the wonderful feelings flooding him and saliva,

drooling from his mouth, dripped into his eyes. God, God! Let me die like this! Let me die like this! Head lolling over the side of the couch, a black fag seemed to take him.

"Lift his head," an angry voice commanded. "He's gonna drown in his own spit in that position, for Christ's sake, lift him up!"

His head was raised, held between two naked knees, and saliva ran back into his mouth. Hilario's voice snarled, "To hell with him! Fuck him in the mouth, Goddamnit!"

A hard length of warm cockflesh ground on his chin, slid to open lips as knees holding him quivered spasmodically. A plump cockhead slipped between his lips and he stroked it with his tongue, tasted juices sharply bitter; pubic hair, harsh as wire, scratched his nose and a voice moaned,

"Holy Jesus!"

Now, as in the fantasy sequences of his manuscript, he was blocked orally and anally. Behind his closed eyelids, within the circumscribed limits of his body -- its muscular systems, network of veins, throbbing glands, brain, lungs -- a kind of darkness, as if within a cave or closeness of the womb, he seemed to float free, suspended in a pulsating void. The sensation was pleasant; he was safe and remote. Pain warmed and coursed through his inner being, burst with a shivering explosion like a thousand hot needles. His mind, however, was clear, words glowing in it like blue diamonds.

In this thousand-roomed torture, chamber of sex, I dive to the bottom of the deepest abyss, into the totally unknown in order to discover something new. Nature, brandishing the whip, constantly seeking new victims, is destructive and evil, inconsistent full of contradictions. It is not I who am the demon but Nature!

All humans want to command or submit sexually; then why is my desire for pain equated with the word lust since lustful-love-of-life is a pinnacle all humans seek to attain? If my body, writhing under the whip or spasming under flame, is mine alone to do with as I choose, what difference does the manner of my passion make to others? If by means of sublime pain I break

through into another world they can never know, does that infuriate these others, these stupid beast, drive them to enraged threats of vengeance?

Still, it is Nature they must look to for guidance and answers if these beast really desire enlightenment. Words of the Marquis de Sade -- the

"Divine Demon" -- rising like motes in sunlight seemed to radiate in the dark interior enclosing him. A distant, faint sigh must be his own inner voice: the sound was like a faraway purring of an enormous cat among green-lush jungle foliage. He did not want to open his eyes to destroy this sublime illusion. The two Blacks -- the cock deep in his throat, the other pronging his ass -- continued to fill every muscle with trembling ecstasy, course through every vein, vibrate in every gland. He wanted these sensations to go on indefinitely, never to cease.

The bulbous slick head of the cockshaft in his ass touched his prostate, sending shivers over his entire body; he would have liked to wind his legs over that heaving naked back fucking him; enclose hips with his arms but the rope held him fast, burned his skin as he strained to release himself. He sank backward into his humid, dark void and the fantasies behind his closed eyelids, breathed regularly, felt the steady push and shove of two bodies as if they worked as one to please him.

The cock in his lips tasted of the smell of horses as if, by contact with these animals, it had soaked up the smell by repeated rubbing of a hairy crotch to a saddle. There was also the faint exciting odor of leather.

Balls, bounding on the bridge of his nose and his closed eyelids, tantalized with wiry pubic tendrils, the smell of an asshole, fetid and shiny.

Slowly, he opened his eyes, his head jogging up and down with the shoving, flared at the asshole near his eyes, a crinkled pucker pouted like a dark brown mouth, the bulging seminal cord that disappeared to the enormous sausage immersed in his mouth; around the sausage base, matted and wet, brown hair stuck like a thick bush, covered inner thighs at each side of his face. The shaft sank deeper and darkness descended over him once more.

She maneuvered the car in ruts of the road, tires spinning on hard mud and snow. From the back seat, Merlinda gasped, "You want to kill us? Make her drive more sensibly, Mother!"

Rosabel's angular profile did not turn but her voice, low and threatening said, "I won't tell you again, girl, you are not family. I don't want to listen to any more of your childish hysteria, do you hear? My daughter knows what she's doing."

"There won't be any family after tonight when I tell the police what I know about Scott's murder. How do you like that?"

"I will see you dead first!"

A cackling sound was Merlinda's laugh. "Don't you threaten me, old woman!"

Valentine agrees with how I think about your rotten family and what you represent, the Entidad, all of it! I'm not afraid of you!"

"Valentine will do as I tell him." Rosabel turned her head to stare at Antonia. "And so will my daughter."

Held by the rutted road and deep mud furrows, the car swerved dangerously near a ditch but Antonia held a firm grip on the steering wheel, glanced at her mother, then back to snow-clogged tree trunks whirling past the windows. "I'll not permit you to continue this insane hatred, Mama. It must end. The Anglo will not die if I must hold you and Hilario at the point of a gun!" A hand on the wheel, she reached with the other to a side pocket in the car door, took out a small revolver, aimed it at her mother. "And I will use it if necessary, so do not force me!"

Merlinda shrieked, "Stop her, for God's sake, stop her!"

The Maes' matriarch sat sturdy as a stone, eyes on the road. Rosabel smiled. After a long moment of silence, she said in a calm voice, "Shut up, Merlinda. She does not understand what she's saying. That Anglo husband

of hers has filled her head with Anglo absurdity, but she will do as I tell her to, won't you, Antonia?"

A thick shaft filling his throat, hips pummeled into him as he tried to swallow spit, felt the cock enlarge, blocking his windpipe, and a voice grunted with each shove. Spread on cushions, his head bumping the couch frame under the brutal pummeling, rope that bound him cut deep into his flesh. The second body plunging into him forced his ass, widened his pucker as sensations drowned him, raised his passion to fever pitch.

Hilario's voice clanged in his ears as it shouted, rammed the cock deeper and, with the loud shout, hot gism spurted, teasing his prostate. As he mumbled around the shaft in his gullet, an orgasm glued his belly and the one pressed onto him; then, the cock in his mouth flooded, and he heard another voice rise to a guttural yell. With a last brutish shove, come drooled from his lips, ran over his face. "Christ!" the guttural voice bellowed, and naked knees holding him jerked apart. His head dropped to the couch side again, dangled almost to the floor. Choking, he gulped helplessly. His head spun and he seemed to slide into a hot pit, viscous and inflamed, his pulse beat rapid.

"Pull him up!" Hilario's voice commanded. Hands raised his head, propped him on the couch arm. He opened his eyes.

The room whirled. He was barely conscious of the man who'd split him, rising, stumbling, a wet cock pendulous between legs, or of evil black eyes that stared down at him. "Jesus! You're a helluva fuck, Lambert," a laughing voice said. The black eyes left him, swiveled to glare in another direction as the voice went on, "Like I said, Val, fucking ain't punishment for Anglos. Them cocksuckers love it! Looka him! This one's never had it so good!" A clenched fist appeared in Evan's line of vision, came closer; the blow knocked back his head. Now, details around him were foggy and his ears seemed to ring with a strange sound like the humming of giant insects.

The odd humming noise comes from a great distance, far beyond a dim horizon; the foreground might be deserted beach or meadow, neutral in color; amorphous shapes that cling to the ground or sail overhead might be clouds or steam. This place is humidly warm.

He thinks. A peyote hallucination. His concentrate on that horizon, it will vanish and I'll awake to. But the dull sameness of this landscape cannot be a head dream; the drug induces visions in psychedelic colors.

As he stares at a vanishing point, a perspective which diminishes to a dot of light, he sees three tiny naked figures. They grow rapidly, seem now to tower above him.

No fear or surprise: they are Jimby, Alex and the unnamed boy of his manuscript.

Ahhh! the beauty of those bodies! Alex, broad-shouldered, a chest of curly black beetle hair running to a flat belly vertically to spread into a dense pool of black pubes, narrow hips supporting heavy thighs and between them a large flaccid reed of pale flesh, and exposed head like a ruby flower.

The unnamed boy: shaggy blond hair like wheat or milkweed, cornflower-blue eyes staring at him through shocks of the air like yellowed fern; not yet defined structure of an upper body like a young elm. Long lean legs and arms with spidery muscular development feet with animal toes, and, hanging between those legs a thick cock, a tree trunk, out of proportion to that slender, willowly frame.

And Jimby: his youthful slimness, the way his hip tilts his pelvis as he stands loose, slackly indolent but wary as a fawn, and the liquid black insect eyes staring down, lashes like black flower petals, the cock, familiar and delicious, he'll never forget its taste like honey, the odor of excitement it secretes, the wonderful scent of that brawn pucker like damp earth.

At first gigantic golden images from some ancient past, the three naked bodies slowly assume normal proportions; Evan sighs, sits up on the softly caressing surface, holds out his arms. "Come to me!"

Alex and the unnamed boy sit beside him. The three entwine, lips pressed together. Their hands rove over silky flesh. Fingers grip horny, insect-scaled cocks, slide in silken oozes. Closing his eyes, Evan's body is bird-weight, seems to float, to pulsate and shiver; he wonders how much more of this joy

he can endure, then hears a crackling sound, feels hot nails claw his shoulder, rip his flesh. Jerking back, he stares wildly up at Jimby.

The boy now wears tight black leather pants that mold his thighs and glisten like dolphin skin. The fly is open and from it a long, pale cock dangles like a swan's neck. A voice echoes in the vast feathery tunnel of space; it hisses, "You wouldn't save me, Evan! When I asked you to take me to California, you refused. Why did you do that?"

A whip, held in Jimby's hand, coils, wraps the three shuddering naked bodies, jerks them forward onto naked bellies. Evan hears Alex's animal cry of rage, a whimper of pain from the unnamed boy, tries to disentangle snake leather from his flailing legs, rolls in the softly undulating surface.

"You promised, Evan! You forced me to do what I did! I didn't want to hurt anyone. It was your fault, not mine!" Leather writhes, screams through the air, whips around him and the other struggling naked bodies; claws ripping his flesh draw blood which spurts from his thighs, drips between his legs staining his cock flower-red.

"No... oh, God...! Jimby!" he yells as the snake whip streaks out, coils him, silencing his shouted words.

A voice snapped, "Shit! He passed out! Slap his face, wake the bastard!"

Alex, the unnamed boy, and Jimby dwindle slowly in the distance, their naked bodies outlined in a golden haze once more, turn into brilliant butterflies and vanish. As he opened his eyes, a stinging, hot sensation on his cheek, Evan stared at a high spider-webbed ceiling, moved his eyes to rope-snakes twining legs raised over his head. Shifted his eyes to see a tall naked man walk across the room, beetle-ugly body shining and outlined in a golden haze, an ass shiny in firelight. The man stamped behind a bar, grabbed a bottle from a shelf.

Brandishing the bottle so Evan could see what he held in his hand, Hilario leaned on the bar top, sneered, "See this, Lambert? I'm gonna ram it up your Goddamn ass, then we'll see if an Anglo will sign this paper or not, okay?"

His sphincter contracted around the bottle neck as it penetrated him.

Unable to move, legs tied and ass spread, the glass sank deep as Hilario shoved, muttering, "How's that feel, you sonovabitch." His pucker, soapy with sperm, parted; the hard object spearing him forced belly muscles to contract painfully, and, though he knew he must not react or utter a sound, agony in his bowel made him groan. Laughing, Hilario leaned to stare into his eyes, pushed the bottle further. "You gonna sign, Lambert."

Sign, sign what? he thought, internal pain convulsing him as he tried to open lips to shout; no sound came but an aching intake of breath. Now, his rectum was aflame; waves of fire consumed him, burrowing deep inside, and his balls ached, seemed to burst in a shower of hot sparks. Sweat, pouring over him, cooled feverish flesh, but he imagined he heard steam hiss from his skin. Stuck to slimy, wet cushions under him, he tried to shift his hips to ease the agony fusing his body.

The bottle neck sank to its thicker, bulging width, stretched his circular ring of muscle and, with the sensation of ripping membranes, his pucker gaped wide as the bottle plunged almost to the hand that held it.

Choking panting, he shut his eyelids to blot out glittery black eyes staring at him with crazy fascination, seemed to careen and slide into a red void, faintly heard a brutal voice repeat, "You gonna sign this paper?"

Valentine stood beside the couch, face ashen, eyes fearful. "How can he take that thing? What if the glass busts inside him? Then what for chrissakes, huh?"

His brother glared at the brown stain oozing over clenched fingers on the bottle; the odor of shit was overpowering. "You think I do this because I like it?" Hilario snarled, stared down at a flushed face and closed eyes.

His hand shoving the bottle stopped; he turned to Valentine, muttered,

"If he croaks, you know what you're gonna tell the fuzz, right?" Leaning, he placed an ear to Evan's chest. "Hell, he's still alive. Get some water from the bar, fast!"

The cabin door was shoved inward. Revolver in hand, Antonia motioned with it for the other two women to come into the room, turned to stare, horrified, at what she saw, Evan tied on the couch; Hilario and Valentine naked. As she gasped, Rosabel stepped to her and wrenched the gun from her fingers. Merlinda ignored them, walked calmly into the room, said in a scoffing voice to Valentine, "Call the police." When he didn't move, as if frozen with shock, she glared at him, strode to the bar, lifted a wall phone off its hook, dialed once.

With an angry cry of rage, Rosabel struck Antonia, sent her sprawling to the floor, turned around to face the others with the revolver in her hand. "Valentine! Get the phone away from that idiot! Hilario take your sister into a bedroom and lock the door!" Advancing threateningly toward the couch, she stood over Evan, pointed the gun at his head. "I tried to warn you, Mister Lambert. If you had left when you had the chance, you might still be alive," she said in a low voice.

Behind Rosabel, he saw Antonia lunge for her mother, and the two women tangled in a mass of flailing arms. The older woman's coil of thick black hair fell around her shoulders and, with another cry of rage, she grappled with her daughter. Sleepily, almost not caring, Evan watched the Maeses fighting, heard the men's pants and grunting noises, the scuffle of feet on the bare wood floor, a woman's voice in agonized pain, a shot a scream as something hit the floor with a loud crash.

Then, a level, practical-sounding voice said, "This is Merlinda Maes.

Send a squad car to the Pecos cabin... you know which one it is? Five miles in from the Las Vegas highway. Thank you."

Fingers untied rope from his aching, cramped legs, and his arms fell limply to the cushions; a blanket was thrown over his naked body. Before he closed his eyes, Antonia's tear-stained face bent toward him. "I'm dreadfully sorry, Mister Lambert. Please forgive us. I'll have Merlinda call a doctor."

He muttered wearily, "No... no... no..." but she added quickly, "I must... Mama's been shot."

With these startling words, his mind seemed to open onto a vast space lighted by a golden sun. "Where is Jimby?" he mumbled, stared up at the sad dark eyes.

Antonia leaned closer. "Jimby killed Scott, Mister Lambert. He must have been listening outside your trailer. Please try to be calm, there's nothing we can do now. The police..."

"Where is he?"

Her face seemed to sail above him like a pale moon. "He is gone. Jimby ran away."

He seems to look into that golden haze. Walking away from him, naked bodies powdered gold and glittery like falling stars, he sees three figures, muscularly rounded asses moving like gilded apples. They stride into the distance rapidly.

"Alex! Jimby boy!" his mind calls. "Don't leave me here alone! After what I've suffered for you, don't leave me!"

There is a faraway sound of laughter. Then, a voice says, "Suffer? You did not submit for us. You enjoyed the agony. We have no further use, Evan. Be honest admit what you are!" The laughing increases, fills his mind, then silence. Evan closed his eyes.

THE END